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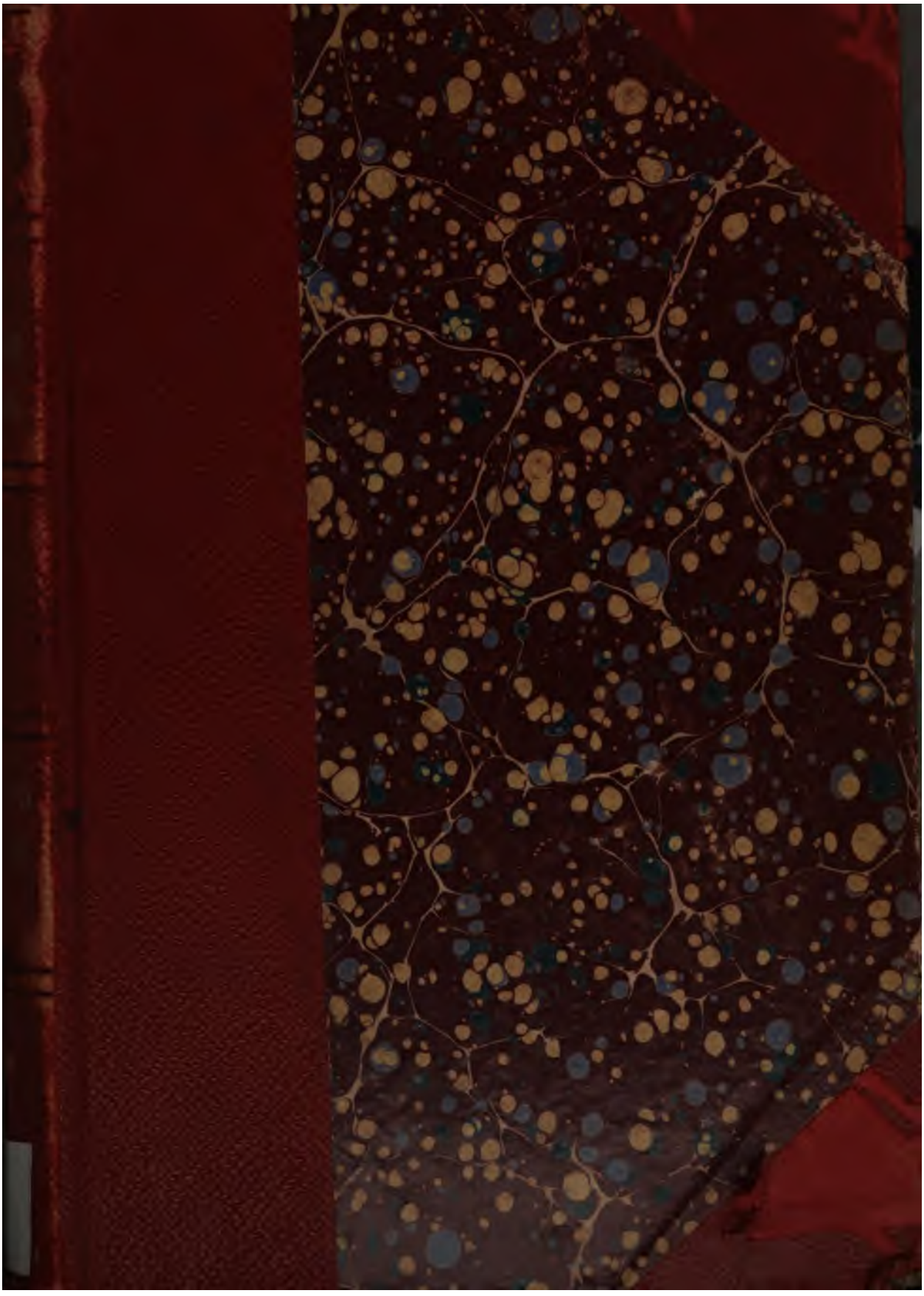

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JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

CONSTANTINOPLE JERUSALEM

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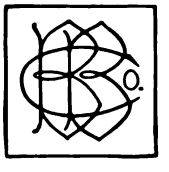
JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

ILLUSTRATED AND EMBELLISHED WITH VIEWS OF THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PLACES AND PEOPLE, BEING THE IDENTICAL DISCOURSES DELIVERED DURING THE PAST EIGHTEEN YEARS UNDER THE TITLE OF THE STODDARD LECTURES

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME II



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CONSTANTINOPLE

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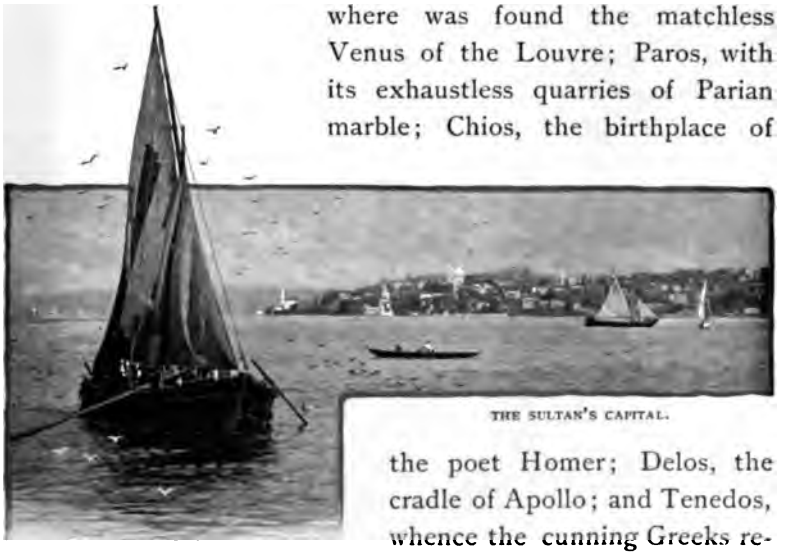
CONSTANTINOPLE

THE noblest avenue of approach to Constantinople leads from the Mediterranean through the Sea of Marmora. The next best way of reaching it is from the Black Sea through the Bosporus. The least impressive route—and one which corresponds to entering a palace by its back-door—is that which brings the traveler along the dusty, tedious railroad from Vienna through Servia and Roumania. A voyage across the classic Mediterranean and Ægean is always an inspiring preparation for travel in the Orient. In the days of comparative idleness passed on the deck of a steamer sailing thither from Brindisi, Marseilles, or Athens, the mind is kept continually active on these waters by the historical memories they awaken. Their waves kiss the shores of immortal Greece; they lave the headlands of the plain of Troy; they reflect the snow-capped crest of Mount Ida; they skirt the ruins of ancient Carthage; they still caress the land of the Alhambra; they glitter on the

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES.

sands of Egypt; they break in grand reverberation on the sacred coast of Palestine. Around them, like presiding *genii*, rise the mountains so familiar to classical memory, Atlas, Parnassus, Olympus, Pelion and Ossa, Hymettus, Etna, and Vesuvius; while to increase their volume sweep the tributary waters of the Rhone, the Tiber, the Mæander, and the Nile.

Moreover, on the northward journey to the Sultan's capital, we thread our way among the famous Grecian islands, forever consecrated by Homeric legend, or haunted by the memory of heroic deeds. As we speed through their labyrinthine beauties, scarcely has one of them sunk beneath the horizon when another appears,—blue with shadow or golden with sunlight. On the dark background of antiquity these clustered islands sparkle like the Pleiades upon the dome of night. Among them are Melos, where was found the matchless Venus of the Louvre; Paros, with its exhaustless quarries of Parian marble; Chios, the birthplace of



THE SULTAN'S CAPITAL.

the poet Homer; Delos, the cradle of Apollo; and Tenedos, whence the cunning Greeks returned to surprise and capture Troy. Through such memorials of Greek antiquity, one approaches with constantly augmented reverence and enthusiasm old Rome's successor in the sovereignty of the world,

—Constantinople. Every one knows that its situation is unrivaled. Arriving from the south, on our right is Asia, on our left Europe. Between them speeds the ocean-current

THE SERAGLIO POINT.

called the Bosporus,—an artery of aquatic life, through which for sixteen miles the water of the Black Sea pulsates to the Sea of Marmora. It is the most secure and attractive harbor that ever welcomed the navies of the world. Fringed with fair palaces and mosques from sea to sea, it glistens in the sunlight like a bridge of lapis-lazuli uniting the Orient and the Occident. It is the Grand Canal of Venice made colossal.

In this bewildering panorama, we know not what to admire first, for before us is an embarrassment of riches. But gradually we select, as the most conspicuous feature of the scene, a beautifully rounded promontory, called the Seraglio Point, because till recently it proudly bore upon its crest the Sultan's Palace or "Seraglio." It rises from the waves just where three famous bodies of water form a union:—the first, a glittering avenue named the Golden Horn; the second, that ocean-river called the Bosporus; the third, the Sea of Marmora, across which we have come in sailing northward from the Mediterranean.

As Asia is separated from Europe by the Bosporus, so is the Sultan's capital divided by the Golden Horn into two

GALATA AND THE BOSPORUS.

great sections,—the Turkish and the European. The European portion on the northern bank is itself subdivided into two parts,—Galata and Pera.

Galata, the business section, lies along the shore; Pera, the European residence-quarter, occupies the summit of the hill. In fact, its greater distance from Stamboul has given to the loftier area its name,—Pera, or "Beyond." The Moslem district is chiefly situated on and near the Seraglio Point, and is still called distinctively "Stamboul." This is to thousands of Mohammedans the City of the Faithful, as Pera is the City of the Infidel, into which European section of Constantinople many conservative Moslems have never deigned to set foot.

That "distance lends enchantment to the view," is especially true of Constantinople. With us the disillusion commenced even on the steamer's deck; for, as is always the case

STAMBOUL, GALATA AND PERA.

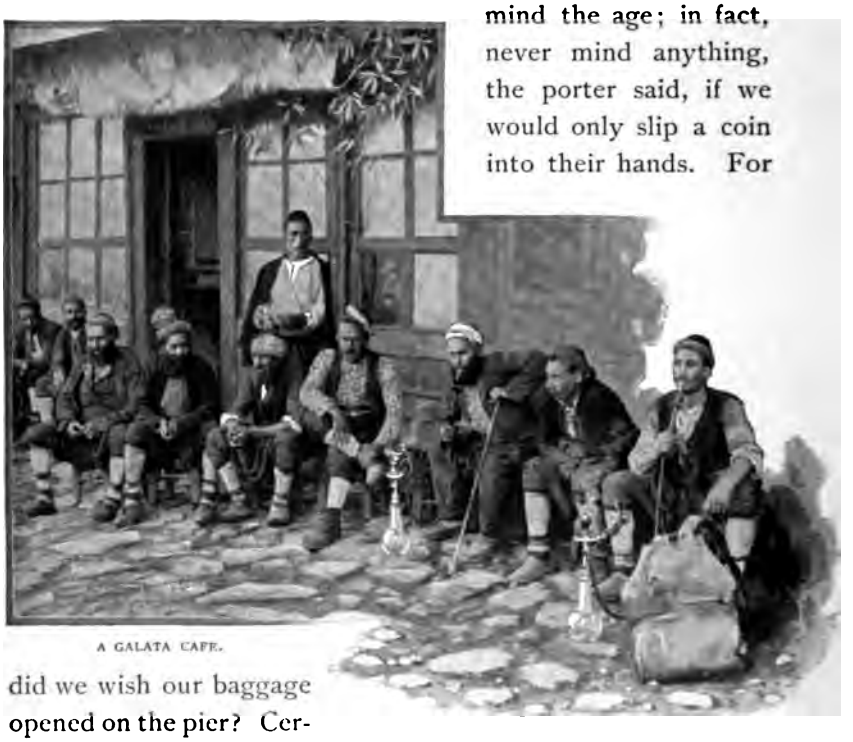
CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPORUS.

in Oriental ports, we disembarked amid immense confusion. Arabic, Turkish, Greek, and Italian oaths resounded along the steamer's side, as guides and boatmen struggled for positions near its gangway. No sooner were we moored, than scores of polyglot blasphemers swarmed up the narrow passage-way and took the deck by storm. We listened to the vocal cyclone caused by their explosive shouts, and tried to understand at least a word of it, as a man drowning in a whirlpool catches at a straw. But it was "all Greek" to us, or,—if not Greek,—Armenian, Turkish, Arabic, or Hebrew. At last in this linguistic chaos we recognized a language of the Occident. The speaker was the porter of the hotel we had chosen. Under his guidance, therefore, we descended the ship's ladder to a reeling boat, wondering meanwhile if we should reach it without being torn to pieces by these human sharks. Once there,—as mothers watch their children rescued from the flames,—we counted, one by one, our articles of baggage, which somehow from the pandemonium about us came forth as unexpectedly as did Daniel from the lion's den.

TURKISH OFFICERS.

On reaching the shore, we found some Turkish officers waiting to receive us. These gentlemen, possibly lest they

should make a mistake in introducing us later on to the Sultan, were polite enough to express a desire to know our names. Not content with this, they wished to scrutinize the signature of our Secretary of State, to certify that one of us at least was really five feet ten inches in height, with forehead square, eyes blue, nose aquiline, and age—well, never mind the age; in fact, never mind anything, the porter said, if we would only slip a coin into their hands. For



A GALATA CAFE.

did we wish our baggage opened on the pier? Certainly not. Then would we make a little contribution to some Turkish orphanage? By all means. The effect was marvelous. Our charity so affected the officers, that they declined to open even a hand-bag. Accordingly, we exchanged smiles and salutations. They were content, and we (Allah be praised!) were safe in Galata.

Emerging from the Custom House, we speedily found ourselves in a labyrinth of dark and muddy streets, each of which

A TRAM-CAR.

seemed as innocent of a broom as a Chinese coolie is of soap. The shock was violent. The charm of all the beauty we had been admiring was dispelled. The stately mosques and palaces had nearly all disappeared, and even when we did occasionally obtain a glimpse of them, they seemed like pearls on an old and filthy garment. Moreover, we had not walked a dozen yards in Galata, before we were compelled to lift our feet like cats stepping on a hot grating. For many of these streets are paved, first with mud, second with

A SQUARE IN GALATA.

garbage, and third, with sharp-pointed, ankle-wrenching stones, which make walking upon them perfectly excruciating. Constantinople ought to be an Eldorado for chiropodists.

But Constantinople is improving. On a later visit to the Ottoman capital, we found a place of refuge from these pavements in its tram-cars. Where we had once painfully limped along,

THE GALATA BRIDGE.

choosing the softest stones that we could find, horse-cars now climb the steep ascent to Pera. In many streets, however, the custom still prevails of having saddle-horses waiting at the corners, like cabs in our own cities. To tell the truth, we rather preferred the older mode of transportation. For since one-half of each car is exclusively reserved for women, the other half is usually crowded—often with a disagreeable

GATE OF DOLMA BAGHTCHEH.

rabble. But a good saddle-horse, whose owner carries your wraps, and runs beside you as you climb the hill, gives you at least the luxury of independence and a welcome privacy.

A HOWLING DERVISH.

The first object of interest that the visitor to Constantinople should inspect is the famous Galata bridge, which crosses the Golden Horn. This is, *par excellence*, the place of all others in which to study the cosmopolitan life of this strange city; for on this long, connecting link between Stamboul and Galata, two ceaseless currents of humanity sweep past each other from the rising to the setting of the sun, exhibiting a variety of costumes, races, and complexions such as no other city in the world (not even Bombay or Cairo) can present.

At intervals, on either side of this thoroughfare, like exclamation-points of misery, are human beings that resemble animated rag-bags, or Oriental scare-crows. They are beggars. Their garments are usually zoölogical hanging-gardens. Their

A BEGGAR.

outstretched hands suggest two rusty dippers. Their feet may be compared to snapping-turtles, of which the heads are the great toes, sometimes encased, sometimes protruding from the shell. They speak not, but their silence is understood by all:—it is the language of distress. Before them, meantime, sweeps along a perfect masquerade of nations. First comes, perhaps, a howling dervish on his way to a performance, where, with his fellows, he will hurl himself about and howl the name of Allah, until, with foaming lips, protruding eyes, and matted hair, he falls exhausted, as if convulsed with epilepsy. Following him, one may behold, within five minutes, a richly-turbaned Arab, with gold-embroidered jacket; a tattooed Nubian from the upper Nile; a Jew with a long, yellow coat and corkscrew curls; a group of Persians bedizened with cheap jewelry; a black eunuch escorting a carriage of veiled ladies; groups of Bohemians; venders of melons, dates, apples, and pop-corn; a florid-faced English merchant; a Roman Catholic priest; a Damascus camel-driver; a pilgrim just

VENDER OF MELONS.

AN APPLE MERCHANT.

returned from Mecca; a Chinaman with his queue; a missionary of the American Board, and even a "personally conducted" party of excursionists. Pick up a hand-bill dropped here by a passer-by, and you will find it printed in five or six different languages. As many more strange tongues may possibly be overheard by you while walking from Stamboul to Galata. Such at least has been my experience at this point where two worlds meet,—the Orient and the Occident,—the pontoon bridge of the Golden Horn.

A WATER SELLER.

Another character frequently observed here is a man who carries on his back a cask. In Germany we might suspect its contents to be beer,—in France wine,—in England Bass' Ale,—in America whiskey,—but in the land of the Prophet the only beverage offered for sale by Moslems is either lemonade or water. For all intoxicating drinks are forbidden by the Koran; and it is one of the most astonishing proofs of the restraining power of the Mohammedan religion, that one hundred and eighty millions of Moslems still faithfully obey that law, as they have done for thirteen hundred years. To the Turk is often applied the epithet "unspeakable," but he has some virtues that speak for themselves, of which the chief perhaps is abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Drunkenness among the followers of the Prophet is practically unknown.

From this scene of cosmopolitan activity it is not far to the Seraglio Point. On our way thither, we came upon a gateway of the ancient wall, which stretched across the promontory from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora.

Within the area thus enclosed, the Sultans held for centuries their splendid court. This belt of masonry was pierced with many gates, and in the days when the Sultan's will was absolute, the people approached these portals every morning and scrutinized them, much as we read our bulletin-boards to-day. The news they received frequently told them what prominent men had lost their heads the previous night. It must have been an impressive style of object-teaching, for the heads themselves were displayed on spikes between the towers, and as business in the line of decapitation was usually pretty brisk, lovers of novelty in the way of skulls were seldom disappointed.

AN ANCIENT GATE.

Entering this enclosure (for it is now freely open to the public), one may advance directly to the eastern limit of the promontory. During our stay in Constantinople we often came here in the afternoon, not merely to enjoy the view, but also to appreciate the historical memories of the place. For this is the oldest portion of the capital, the starting-point of its development, the birthplace of Byzantine architecture, the cradle of that famous city of the Greeks—Byzantium. To understand why that metropolis was founded here, we have only to look over the intervening mosques and minarets to the opposite side of the Bosporus.

Two thousand six hundred years ago, a Grecian colony established a settlement on that Asiatic shore. Thirty years later, another colony of restless Greeks came moving north-

ward, seeking in their turn a suitable location for a city. In their perplexity they consulted an oracle. The reply was mysterious, as oracular responses usually were. It was as follows:—"Found your city opposite to that of the 'blind men.'" What could this mean? At first they did not know. But when they saw the Golden Horn and the Seraglio Point, they shouted with delight that the other colonists must have been "blind" indeed to have chosen the Asiatic, rather than the European side. They founded their city, therefore, directly opposite to that of the so-called blind men, and named it Byzantium, after their leader, Byzas.

The occasional discovery, within this area, of a Greek sarcophagus which may have held the body of a Byzantine emperor, reminds the visitor to the Seraglio Point of other memorials connected with it.

Three centuries after the death of Christ, the Roman emperor, Constantine the Great, established here the splendid city to which he gave his name,—Constantinople; and, changing the seat of sovereignty from the historic Tiber to the Bosporus, here founded what was long to be the capital of the world. Nor was this all. When mediæval Rome had sunk to insignificance, this "New Rome" still defied the inroads of barbarians, and was admired as the centre of civilization, respected

ON THE SERAGLIO POINT.

GREEK SARCOPHAGUS.

as the guardian of the arts, and venerated as the first metropolis to declare for Christ under the earliest of Christian emperors. Here also, from the era of the Mohammedan conquest, in 1453, until recently, the Sultans have resided in voluptuous splendor, making this hill the very heart and brain of Islam. But about forty years ago fire destroyed their residence here, and since then Turkish sovereigns have built a great variety of sumptuous homes beside the Bosporus, a few miles distant from Stamboul; the present monarch, Abd-ul Hamid II having chosen for his permanent abode, a beautiful two-storied marble palace known as Yildiz Kiosk.

The old imperial Treasury, in which were formerly preserved the Sultan's priceless souvenirs of conquest and the

BETWEEN STAMBOUL AND GALATA.

THE BOSPORUS (EUROPEAN SIDE).

THE TREASURY.

magnificent gifts brought to his court by vassal princes of the East, was burned, with most of its precious contents, in 1574. The treasure-house that replaced it is neither handsome nor imposing, and the collection now exhibited must be far inferior to the one destroyed. Nevertheless, the traveler whose eye has never looked upon such well-nigh fabulous displays is hardly able to imagine a better representation of Aladdin's cave than the resplendent halls which even now exist on the Seraglio Point. Hundreds of diamonds set in dagger hilts, sceptres aflame with emeralds and rubies, crowns studded with opals and pearls, scabbards of swords encrusted with rare gems, thrones scintillant with precious stones, fringes of pearls, and coronation robes that look like tapestries of gold,—at first amaze, but finally confuse and tire the beholder, till he turns away wearied and sated with excess of

THE IMPERIAL GALLOWS.

splendor. When the Seraglio Point was crowned with palaces, environed by pavilions, gardens, groves and fountains, rising in terraces above the incomparable vista lying at its base, this area, it would seem, should have been tenanted only by the happiest of mortals. In reality, however, few spots on earth have witnessed more appalling tragedies. Sultans have reigned here, it is true; but to secure their thrones, they have caused their brothers to be strangled on this height, or kept alive within a gilded cage. On this hill an aged tree still lifts toward heaven some blighted limbs, which more than once have borne the ghastly fruit of corpses,—victims of imperial tyranny. Here, too, have lived some of the loveliest women in the world, embowered in surpassing luxury, but always with the sword of intrigue hanging over their fair heads, a deadly perfume lingering, perhaps, in every exquisite bouquet, or poison lurking in the sherbet which their slaves presented to them; while soft, voluptuous music floated over walls of roses beneath a moonlit sky. Nor are these all the tragic memories suggested by this place. For, in those days of cruelty, if the Sultan's jealousy were ever roused, one of the beautiful inmates of his palace—perhaps entirely innocent of any crime—might be rowed out at night from the Seraglio's secret gate. Then,

IN STAMBOUL.

firmly pinioned hand and foot, weighted with heavy stones, and gagged so tightly that no scream could possibly escape her lips, she sank in silence into the dark waves, whose gloomy depths betrayed no secrets given to their charge.

A PEASANT.

The following incident well illustrates Oriental life no more than a century ago. The grandfather of the writer's intimate friend was then attached to the French embassy at Constantinople. One day the wife of this official, while passing through a lonely street, was insulted by a Mussulman. A moment later she met a Turkish Pasha of her acquaintance, complained to him of the affair, and identified her assailant. The Pasha promised her speedy justice, and she, continuing her walk, spent the day with a friend. Toward evening, as she approached her home, she observed a strange object in the doorway. Drawing nearer, she saw, to her horror, a man hanging by the neck from a spike driven above the portal. In his lifeless body the lady recognized the wretch who, only that morning, had insulted her.

A VICTIM OF JEALOUSY.

In walking through Stamboul, we usually took with us a dragoman, or guide, not only

on account of our ignorance of the Turkish language (an inconvenient circumstance when one is curious), but also because Stamboul is one of the most difficult places in the world in which to find one's way about. Its streets, as a rule, possess no names; its houses have no numbers. Several important thoroughfares go reeling up and down the hills, as if they had been laid out by drunken men, or—if the simile be allowed—by the primitive Bostonians; while the caprices of the smaller streets are past all finding out. Frequently in my tours I became as hopelessly confused in them as in the catacombs of Rome.

THE MAKE: F GATE.

There are, however, certain prominent landmarks in Stamboul which greet one like oases in a desert. One of these is a gate of variegated marble, which, for beauty of design and richness of ornamentation, I have rarely seen equaled. Moreover, to relieve its massiveness, on each side has been placed a slender marble minaret. The Turks are as fond of gateways as the Romans of old were of triumphal arches. The very name by which the Sultan's government is known today throughout the world is the one given it by the French, *la Sublime Porte*,—the lofty gate,—so called from a magnificent portal, through which in former times only the Sultan and his family might enter the Seraglio.

One portion of Stamboul rivals in interest any relic of imperial Rome: it is its ancient Hippodrome, the fame of which once filled the world. One thousand five hundred

THE SULTAN'S STREET-CLEANERS.

years ago, this race-course was surrounded with magnificent marble porticoes, adorned with hundreds of the finest bronze and marble statues which Constantine was able to select from all that he possessed in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. And what could he not bring hither? Was he not master of the world? Among these treasures were the four bronze horses which to-day surmount the portal of St. Mark's in Venice; for, as Constantine had brought them hither from Rome, so the Crusaders, nine hundred years later, carried them hence to the Queen City of the Adriatic.

Two interesting mementoes of the Hippodrome still remain here. One is a small bronze column, protected by a circular railing. At present it looks insignificant, yet the heart beats quickly when one thinks of its eventful history. In the time of Constantine, when around this race-course flew the gilded chariots in front of the great Emperor himself, arrayed in silk and purple and sparkling with gems, and in the presence of his brilliant court and eighty thousand of the eager populace, this column stood here, as it does to-day. Yet this is but an incident in its history, for even long before the birth of Christ, this very shaft supported the golden tripod of the Priestess of Apollo in the world-renowned temple at Delphi in Greece, the oracle of which was then regarded as the voice of God.

THE HIPPODROME.

At a little distance from this column stands the other memorial of this ancient Hippodrome,—the Egyptian obelisk.

It is a single block of reddish granite, nearly one hundred feet in height, brought hither fifteen hundred years ago from Heliopolis, the famous city on the Nile where Moses, and, at a later age, Euclid and Plato, received part of their education. How wonderfully well preserved it is! Yet its hieroglyphics, still defiant of the touch of Time, assure us that it has received the salutations of the sun for more than four thousand years. Yes, this same monolith, brought hither to enhance the glory of "New Rome," has looked on Joseph and on Moses, and no doubt often cast its shadow on fair Cleopatra and her Roman lover, amid the fascinating splendors of the Nile.

THE OBELISK.

Engrossed with the memories of that far-off time, we came one day, in wandering through the outskirts of the city, upon a part of its old wall; for Constantinople was for centuries defended by prodigious battlements of stone, which climbed the hills and stretched around it like a mighty bow, twelve miles in length. Now they are all in ruins. Where flags of Roman emperors once proudly waved, masses of weeds and ivy now sway idly in the breeze. More than a thousand years ago this rampart was a dyke, on which the waves of war and conquest beat in vain. But finally an ocean of invasion made an opening here, a torrent of humanity

THE OLD WALLS.

poured in, and these colossal fragments, scattered here and there like pieces of a broken mountain, serve only to remind us of that great disaster. Some of the huge foundation stones were laid by Constantine himself. On foot, and followed by a brilliant escort, he proudly traced the line of these massive fortifications. What would his thoughts have been, could he then have forseen its fate? For on these walls, in 1453, perished the last of the Byzantine emperors, in the successful assault made by Mohammed II on Constantinople. Degenerate though the empire had then become, it must be said that its last ruler struggled to the bitter end, and even when struck down from the ramparts,— chief actor still in that appalling tragedy,— he fought on desperately in the moat till he lay dead beneath a heap of corpses.

Almost as ancient as the wall of Constantine is the old ruin known as the Palace of Belisarius. Tradition states that from one of its windows, in the five hundred and sixty-third year of the Christian era, the Emperor Justinian hurled to the pavement far below

RUINED BATTLEMENTS.

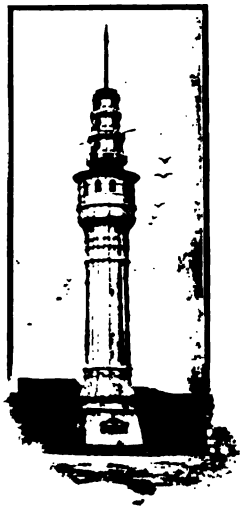
the man whom of all he should have least suspected of treason — his faithful general, Belisarius, one of the greatest warriors of all time.

The legend adds that, Belisarius being uninjured by the fall, the Emperor accepted it as evidence of his innocence, and restored him to his rank and honors. It is far pleasanter to believe this than the old, well-known story of his poverty, blindness and neglect. At all events, whatever may have been his end, his glory is secure; for he who made Justinian's reign illustrious in military history, who defeated Persians in Asia, Vandals in Africa, and Ostrogoths in Europe, captured one king and twice rescued Rome from the barbarians, and was withal as much renowned for his humanity as for his skill and courage, is one whose name can never die.

THE BLACKENED COLUMN.

Another monument coeval with the capital of Constantine is a dilapidated column, blackened by fire, and only kept from falling to pieces by a series of iron rings. Rough and unsightly though it now appears, no object in this city of the Bosporus has witnessed more of its momentous history; since it has stood here during fifteen hundred years, casting its shadow impartially alike on Christian and on Moslem, while millions of both creeds have made their entrances and exits on this historic stage, like summer insects of a day. Standing beside this ruined shaft, it is interesting to remember that on its pedestal the first of Christian emperors caused this in-

scription to be carved: "O Christ, ruler and master of the world, to Thee have I consecrated this city and the power of Rome. Guard it and deliver it from every harm." Upon its summit was placed the famous bronze statue of Apollo, by Phidias, all trace of which has long since disappeared. No one is poor enough to-day to do the column reverence; but in the period of the city's glory, such was its sanctity, that horsemen would dismount as they passed by, to pay it homage; priests annually chanted sacred hymns before it; and miracles were thought to have been performed at its base. Pathetic in its desolation, it now stands in the capital of Islam like an exclamation-point of sadness, as if to emphasize the solemn, oft-repeated lesson of antiquity: *Sic transit gloria mundi.*



A WATCH-TOWER.

One object on the northern side of the Golden Horn is visible from every quarter of the Sultan's capital. It is a huge, white, circular structure, called the Tower of Galata. Originally built by a Christian emperor, fourteen hundred years ago, it was for centuries a tower of defense on the northern boundary of the city, growing in height with every new invasion, like a stupendous tree, the roots of which are fed with human blood. In those days, from its lofty summit rose the Cross of Christ; but the victorious Mohammed II, in 1453, caused that reminder of Christianity to be destroyed, and crowned the apex with a tapering cone. This monstrous tower is a hollow cylinder, around which, in a wall twelve feet in thickness, are stairways leading to the top. Here, as on several smaller watch-towers, watchmen, day and night, look through their field-glasses and telescopes at every

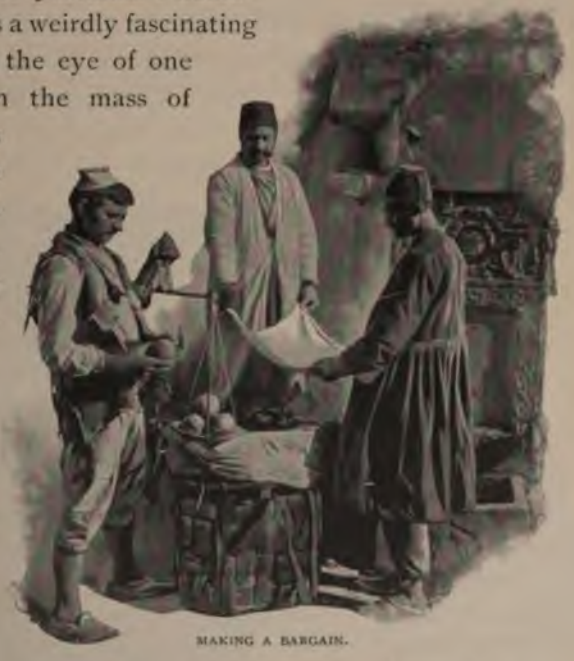
portion of the city, to catch the earliest indication of a fire, and to give the alarm. The numerous conflagrations which occur in the enormous, densely-populated area outspread beneath them, should stimulate their scrutiny; for devastating fires have been the curse of Constantinople, and have caused it to be practically rebuilt more than thirty times since it became the capital of Constantine.

PART OF AN OLD AQUEDUCT.

But if the few remaining ruins above ground within the city seem imposing, still more so are its subterranean structures,—the gigantic reservoirs in which was stored the water brought over stately aqueducts, whose tiers of massive arches showed the way in which "New Rome" was imitating her great Latin predecessor. Nowhere else in the world was water furnished to a city on such a colossal scale. To guard against the possibility of a water-famine in war-time, enormous underground cisterns were constructed, all carefully connected, and capable of supplementing each other in time of need. From those which still exist, and can be visited, one gains a startling idea of the magnificence of the imperial capital. Some are six hundred feet in length, and look like subterranean lakes. One, which the Turks call "The Cavern of a Thousand and One Pillars," contains no less than sixteen rows of fourteen

TURKISH HOUSES NEAR THE MOSQUE OF SULEIMAN.

columns, which rise in perfect symmetry to a roof that was originally sixty-four feet high. This mighty reservoir, which contains no water now, is tenanted by lines of silk-spinners, who look like phantoms working in its ghostly light and chilling atmosphere. Still more remarkable than this, however, is the cistern called by the Moslems "The Underground Palace." This can be easily visited by torchlight, and no sight in the Sultan's capital produces a more profound impression. Founded by Constantine fifteen centuries ago, the massive solidity of its construction has enabled it to triumph over Time, and to-day it supplies the followers of the Prophet as perfectly and copiously as when it slaked the thirst of Justinian's admiring subjects. It is a weirdly fascinating scene that meets the eye of one peering out upon the mass of water, as black as ebony, save where it shimmers in the glare of the torch. The shadowy maze of marble columns,—three hundred and thirty-six in number, and arranged in twenty-eight parallel rows,—produces the impression of a partially submerged cathedral, whose priests and worshipers seem to have been drowned. Occasionally a startled bat flits through the bar of light, from darkness into darkness, like the apparition of a tortured soul. No wonder that the place is



MAKING A BARGAIN.

haunted by innumerable legends, and that its sunless vaults are thought to echo in the dead of night to goblin laughter or the wail of demons. Tradition also tells of travelers, who have tried to explore in boats this Stygian labyrinth, but who have disappeared mysteriously in the darkness and the silence—to return no more.

STREET DOGS.

Often in walking through the thoroughfares of Stamboul, our serious thoughts were suddenly diverted by the sight or sound of its famous dogs. Constantinople is an immense kennel. The dogs that lodge here are a peculiar breed, half-wolf, half-fox, yellow in color, and with long sharp noses. Not one of these animals has a master,—not one of them a name. They lie about the hollows in the streets like pigs in a sty; and men step carefully over them, and horses turn aside to let them snooze in peace. Why should they not? In Constantinople, more than anywhere else, every dog "will have his day;" for in the night time they are hard at work. Dogs are, in fact, the principal scavengers

THE UNDERGROUND PALACE.

of the city,—the canine brooms of the streets. At night the refuse of the kitchen is thrown into the gutters for their consumption, and they devour almost everything save oyster-shells. Only the ostrich can surpass them in digestive powers. Marvelous stories are told of these animals. They are said to have a police force of their own, exempt as yet from any charges of corruption. They certainly do have special districts, sacred to a limited number of their race; and if any strange cur intrudes on precincts not his own, the ugly brutes that patrol that quarter attack him with such fury that he is lucky to return at all to his own set, even with torn ears, a lost eye, and a tail of woe. No traveler, however, need fear them. These Turkish dogs will not molest men, and hydrophobia is here unknown.

FOUNTAIN OF SULTAN ACHMET.

But if the curs of Constantinople are never mad enough to be afraid of water, no more so are the people themselves; for one can always easily find a bath or a fountain in Stamboul. One of the most attractive of its fountains is that of Sultan Achmet,

POPCORN SELLERS.

which no one passes without admiration. It is a beautiful specimen of Oriental art, composed entirely of marble and resembling a miniature temple. From each of its four sides, beneath an inlaid arch, springs a jet of water. Moreover, its walls fairly sparkle with ornamentation, for on no one of them is there a space as large as a Sultana's hand that is not either carved, gilded, or set in mosaic. The breath of Time, it is true, has somewhat dimmed its colors; but even now, after a lapse of one hundred and seventy years, this fountain, when illumined by the sun, looks like the gorgeous jewel casket of some *genie* of the Arabian Nights.

A JEWEL CASKET.

Constantinople has many exquisite fountains. Where the ancient Greek reared a statue, and the modern Christian erects a crucifix, the Moslem constructs a fountain, since to the Mohammedans, water is the most essential thing in life. Drinking neither wine nor beer, they, more than

A WAYSIDE LAVATORY.

others, are dependent upon water. Moreover, five times a day, before they pray to Allah, they must wash at least their hands. Hence every mosque invariably has its fountain for ablutions; and so has almost every public square. These fountains are, as a rule, the gifts of private individuals. The names of the donors, however, do not appear on them; but, instead, a quotation from some poet, praising pure water, and contrasting it with intoxicating drinks, which the Koran forbids. It should be said, therefore, that though their streets are often filthy, the Turks themselves are personally clean.

FOUNTAIN OF THE SWEET WATERS.

The subject of fountains and cleanliness naturally suggests that of the Turkish bath. On my first visit to one of the bathing establishments of Stamboul, I hesitated several times as I approached the doorway. Travelers have told such different stories of their treatment in these baths, that one feels doubtful just what to expect. Some have pronounced them places of torture; others have become ecstatic over them, as if they were the ante-rooms of Paradise. "What will my fortune be there?" I asked myself repeatedly with dubious heart. At last determined to have the question answered one way or the other, I crossed the threshold. After a grotesque pantomime with the proprietor, who spoke nothing but

Turkish, I reduced my clothing to almost microscopic proportions and followed two half-naked men into a suite of dimly-lighted rooms, each having a temperature more infernal than the last. In one of these I found a score of men, apparently wrapped in grave-clothes. Some were walking around, like restless ghosts; others lay motionless, like corpses in a morgue. Here my forebodings, which had been gradually growing more and more gloomy, reached their lowest depth. Till then I had merely suspected,—now I felt certain that my last day had come. The perspiration commenced to pour down my body in streams. All about me I could hear peculiarly suggestive blows, as if a hundred Turkish mothers were administering corporal punishment to their children. I was beginning to speculate what would be done with my remains after I had expired, when my attendants seized and bore me into another room, the temperature of which might have inspired fear in Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Without a word of warning, they laid me out, full length, upon a marble slab. I remained there about one-sixteenth of a second. Then, leaping up with a howl of pain, I asked my torturers in most vigorous English what they meant by trying to broil me alive. The Turks grinned,

THE TURKISH BATH.

MOSQUE OF SULEIMAN AND THE GOLDEN HORN.

deluged the slab with water, and induced me to lie down again. I immediately thought my back was being scorched, but despite my writhings they pinned me down and held me firmly with their knees. In vain I cried out; these horrid followers of the Prophet slapped me, pinched me, scratched me, kneaded me like dough, cracked all my joints, made every one of my vertebræ explode like a cannon-cracker, and finally (though of this I cannot be quite sure), they wrung me out like a dish-cloth. Then they took from the gridiron what was left of me and carried it into another room, where they deluged it with alternate streams of hot and cold water. Suddenly they stopped, and asked me a question in Turkish. I had no idea whether they were inquiring after my health, or telling me to say my prayers before I expired. I retorted in French, German, Italian, and English. It was of no use. They could speak only Turkish, of which I knew not a single word. To this moment I shudder to think what might have been my fate, had I, at a venture, nodded to them affirma-

SHAVING THE HEAD.

"LIKE RESTLESS GHOSTS."

tively; for, seeing my perplexity, they pointed out to me a corner of the hall. There I beheld a barber shaving a man's head completely, with the exception of one little tuft, left on the crown, by which the Turks believe the Angel of Death will draw up souls at the Resurrection.

Shades of the "Seven Sutherland Sisters," I thought, suppose they had scraped my head thus without warning! As I expressed by emphatic gestures that, like Samson, I attached great value to my hair, they gave up the idea with evident reluctance; but took immediate revenge by pouring over me, from head to foot, a lather of hot soap-suds, followed by a douche of hot water. Then they rushed at me like two ferocious prize-fighters, and gave me a three-minute round with coarse hair-mittens, that felt like nutmeg graters on my skin. Finally, when all was over, they wrapped my remains in a sheet, and bore them into a cooling-room, where they were laid out on a mattress to await resuscitation, or burial, as the case might be.

THE COOLING ROOM.

When I came to life again, the first thing I saw was one of those bilious-looking Turks (his head all ready for the Angel of Death to operate on), bringing me on a salver a cup of coffee. I drank, and when I attempted to move, my

limbs felt as light as egg-shells. Enjoying a most dreamy languor, I dressed, and asked for my bill. I would have gladly paid a large sum for the exquisite buoyancy I then experienced. I actually blushed, therefore, when I learned that I had obtained all this pain and subsequent pleasure for the modest sum of about ten cents.

The most imposing and important structure in Constantinople is the Mosque of Santa Sophia. It is the crown of old Stamboul, as St. Peter's is the coronet of Papal Rome; and, strange to say, the same religion built them both. For though the Turks have made of it a mosque, and though they have surrounded it with minarets and propped up its gigantic dome with heavy buttresses, this was originally a Christian church, dedicated, long before the birth of Mohammed, to Christ, under the name of Santa Sophia, or the Divine Wisdom. When it was finished, now more than thirteen hundred years ago, the Christian Emperor Justinian was so elated at its splendor, that he exclaimed: "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee;" and he caused a statue of King Solomon to be erected opposite the church, with a grieved expression on his face, as though lamenting the superiority of Justinian's temple over his own at Jerusalem.

MOSQUE OF SANTA SOPHIA.

AT PRAYER.

There are few impressions more powerful than that which one receives when the interior of this building bursts upon the astonished gaze. It is in some respects more overpowering than that of Cologne Cathedral, or St. Peter's at Rome. For there are here no such chapels or side-aisles, as we find in most cathedrals. Its immensity at once reveals itself. Before the visitor who stands upon the threshold, stretches away a plain of various colors, on which the feet fall noiselessly; for one walks here, not on the marble pavement, but on soft Turkish rugs, or matting covering the whole expanse. Upon this area are always groups of faithful Moslems, kneeling in prayer, their faces turned toward sacred Mecca; while two hundred feet above them arches the marvelous dome, unequaled in the architecture of the world,— so distant and so vast, that one might almost fancy it a portion of the sky.

Some distance up the nave, is the Moslem pulpit,— a lofty structure surmounted by a conical roof and reached by a flight of marble steps. Here, every Friday (the Moslem Sabbath), a priest of Islam reads from the Koran, holding meanwhile a

INTERIOR OF SANTA SOPHIA.

COLUMNS IN SANTA SOPHIA.

drawn sword in his hand,—a symbol that this shrine was taken by violence from the Christians. Directly opposite this, supported by five jasper columns, rises an octagonal gallery, behind whose metal screen are seats for the Sultanas. Nearer the dome, the gaze is drawn with wonder to gigantic wooden disks, upon which, in enormous Arabic letters, appear the names of Allah and Mohammed.

When we examine the details of this historic shrine, we begin to realize the richness of its decoration. In one place are galleries resting on beautiful shafts of jasper, porphyry and alabaster, supporting in their turn arches that must have once been resplendent in their continuous coating of golden mosaics. These monolithic columns were part of the spoils taken from pagan shrines in Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria, all of which were plundered by the Christians, that they might thereby render this the richest sanctuary in the world. Its wealth was, therefore, almost fabulous. A

PILGRIMS FROM MECCA.

HISTORIC MONOLITHS, SANTA SOPHIA.

A SULTAN'S TOMB IN SANTA SOPHIA.

galleries and the vestibule, with a dense, suffocating mass of men, women and children, imploring God for mercy. But they prayed in vain. Down went the doors under the terrific pressure, and in rushed the demons of war with yells of fury. Language fails to describe the scene that followed. Crucifixes were smashed to atoms; altars were shivered into fragments; statues were overthrown; mosaics were pried out of the walls with battle-axes, under the supposition that they were gems; and all this amidst the blare of trumpets, the groans of dying men, and the shrieks of captured women and children destined to be sold as slaves. At last there came a moment of comparative silence. On the threshold had appeared the form of Mohammed II, who, rising in his stirrups and smiting one of the columns with his blood-stained hand, uttered the words destined thenceforth to dedicate the hitherto Christian temple to the Moslem faith: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

CHARACTERISTIC MINARETS.

There are no less than four hundred and eighty-one mosques in Constantinople, all more or less modeled after the purely Byzantine church of Santa Sophia. The most signal feature of these structures is their minarets. What a debt of gratitude the world owes the Moslems for the creation of that lovely architectural design, —the minaret. There can scarcely be less than a thousand of them in the Ottoman capital. Many consist of pure white marble, and cut their slender silhouettes against the clear blue sky, sometimes resembling delicate wax-tapers, at other times suggesting silver lances, tipped with points of gold. Moreover, each is encircled by finely chiseled balconies, which in the distance seem like jeweled rings betrothing earth and heaven. On every one of them, five times a day, and as punctual as a figure moved by clockwork, appears the muezzin, or Mohammedan caller to prayer. In a clear, ringing voice he chants upon the air the sacred formula of Islam: "God is great,— There is but one God,— Mohammed

CALLING TO PRAYER.

is the prophet of God, —Prayer is better than sleep,— Come to prayer!" Toward each of the four points of the compass are these words directed. Then all is still, save perhaps the echo of some more distant voice. Wherever I have heard this cry: in India, Syria, Egypt, or Constantinople, it has always thrilled me to remember that, every day, from all the mosques in Europe, Africa, and Asia, those words summon a hundred and eighty millions of people to turn their thoughts from earthly occupations and from all idolatry, to worship God alone.

A MOSLEM TEACHER.

One lovely morning, soon after our arrival in the city of the Sultan, we resolved to vary our adventures by an excursion up the Golden Horn. Making our way therefore, to one of the boat-stations on the shore, we found a multitude of little barges crowded together like logs in a lumber-

THE GOLDEN HORN.

man's boom. To separate one of them from its fellows requires an expert. There are said to be thirty thousand of these little caïques in Constantinople. A sail in one of them is quite exciting; first, from their lightness, which permits the boatman to send them skimming over the water with exhilarating speed; and, also, from the fact that they possess no seats or benches, and one must sit on cushions in the bottom of the boat, as motionless as a Chinese idol. If not, a careless movement, or misstep, may give the tourist an impromptu Turkish bath among the fishes of the Bosporus. Having at last secured our boat, and taken our seats with infinite precautions, we started up the Golden Horn. It is an arm of the sea which pierces the European shore, almost at right angles to the Bosporus, and winds thus inland for about four miles, having at the lower end Stamboul on one side and the European quarter on the other. It is a curving, tideless, land-locked harbor, with water deep enough to float large ocean-steamers; and it is called the "Golden Horn," not simply from its likeness at sunset to a glittering cornucopia, but from the fact that into its bosom has been poured the golden wealth of almost every nation on earth. Across its fair expanse, we see occasionally a floating bridge, like a chain bracelet

A CAFÉ ON THE GOLDEN HORN.

GATE OF SERAS KIERAT.

clasping a beautifully rounded arm. Meantime, along each bank extends a charming perspective of vessels, houses, mosques, and cypress groves; while here and there, beyond the masts of ships, a graceful minaret lifts itself toward heaven, like a shaft of ivory.

At last our boatman landed us at one of the numerous cafés along the shores. Seating ourselves at the windows, we idly watched the sun's rays pierce the cypress trees and fleck the surface of the Golden Horn, while we attempted to swallow some of that singular mixture which the Turks call coffee. At first this beverage tasted like sweetened mud, but, presently, we began to like it. Its fault (if it has a fault) lies not in its ingredients, but in its preparation. The coffee-beans are, in the first place, ground to the finest possible powder; this, either alone, or mixed with sugar, is then boiled with water. The moment it has reached the boiling point, it is poured into a tiny porcelain cup. The sediment sinks to the bottom, while the lighter part forms on the surface a kind of foam, which the Turks call cream. Coffee, thus made, is much weaker than ours; and this explains how Orientals can consume such quantities of it, with no insomnia or shattered nerves as a result.

WEIGHING DATES.

Lying on a table in the café was a Turkish newspaper. We did not get much news from it, for we knew nothing of its complicated characters. Still, there is always a fascination

in seeing thus the evidences of a literary life outside our own. It makes the world seem broader, and one's own importance in it less, to find books, poems, periodicals and essays written in Turkish, Arabic, Persian, Russian, or Japanese, of which one cannot read a word. It always gives me, though of course in a lesser degree, somewhat the same feeling that I experience at night in looking off at other suns and worlds than ours. There are in Constantinople scores of European newspapers, — some printed half in English and half in French, — others exclusively in Greek or Italian. All these are subject to a rigid censorship; but purely Turkish journals (strange to say) have a much harder lot in this respect than foreign ones. This, we are told, is due to the fact that these alone are read by the great mass of the Moslem population, and hence are the only ones capable of exerting a decided influence on the Sultan's subjects.

STORY-TELLING IN A CAFÉ.

From the café, we crossed to the opposite side of the Golden Horn, to inspect a Turkish graveyard. Moslem cemeteries are almost invariably shaded by a grove of cypress trees. It was a custom of the Turks, when they first came to the Bosporus, to plant beside each new-made grave a cypress tree. To some extent this admirable custom still prevails. Hence, many of their cemeteries,

especially in the Asiatic suburb, Scutari, are veritable forests, miles in length, which spread above the dead a canopy of leaves. These, to the Turks, are favorite places for promenades, and even for picnics; and on a pleasant day one

A TURKISH CEMETERY.

may see hundreds of them here, walking about beneath the trees, as if in a vast cathedral, or smoking tranquilly beside some grave.

"The cypresses of Scutari
In stern magnificence look down
On the bright lake and stream of sea,
And glittering theatre of the town;
Above the throng of rich kiosks,
Above the towers in triple tire,
Above the domes of loftiest mosques,
These pinnacles of death aspire."

Among these cypresses fly many birds, called pelkovans, whose melancholy cries have given rise to the singular superstition that they are lost souls, or, more pathetic still, the

restless spirits of unhappy Turkish women who have died childless. In a Turkish cemetery each grave is usually marked by two tall, marble tombstones, one at the head, the other at the foot. On these, two angels (so the Moslem thinks) will seat themselves at the last day to judge the soul of the deceased. A tombstone which denotes the grave of a man is always crowned either with

IN SCUTARI.

a turban or a fez, carved from the marble of the Marmora. The monuments of women are ornamented with flowers, chiseled in the pure white stone. On all of them are epitaphs, inscribed in letters which are frequently raised and gilded. The tombstones which are surmounted with turbans have the disadvantage of presenting, when seen in a dim light, a grotesque resemblance to intoxicated human beings. When left uncared for for many years, they topple about, and incline to every possible angle, or else fall prone upon the ground, as if fatigued by their long struggle with gravitation. In fact, where some of the turbans, or fezzes, have been

THE BOSPORUS (ASIATIC SIDE).

broken off, they look like decapitated bodies,— presenting a shocking, yet laughable, appearance of neglect. The Turks, by the way, are always buried in great haste; for they believe that the dead actually suffer until their bodies are committed to the tomb. Strange, is it not? Deliberate and slow in life, the only hurry in which the Turk is ever seen is when he is going to his grave!

A WOMAN OF SCUTARI.

At the extremity of the Golden Horn lies Eyoub,—a tranquil suburb of the great metropolis. It has one street which every Moslem looks upon as sacred: —in fact, so sacred, that up to the present time no Christian, even of the highest rank, has been allowed to enter it, or step within the pure, white, marble mosque at its extremity. For here is buried Eyoub, the standard-bearer of Mohammed, who, only forty years after the Prophet's death, was killed in the first and unsuccessful attack of the Moslems on Constantinople,

A SACRED STREET — EYOUB.

A STREET VENDER.

nearly eight centuries before the final conquest of the city by the Turks. Within this mosque every Sultan is solemnly inaugurated into sovereignty by having that hero's sword girded on his thigh. Then, with imposing pageantry, the monarch, followed by his glittering court, comes down the sacred path between some gilded tombs of royalty, until he reaches an irregular marble block set in the centre of the street. On this he steps to mount a snow-white horse, which bears him in triumph to his palace on the Bosporus.

On my first visit to Constantinople, I was particularly fortunate in having an opportunity to see a little of Turkish family life. A young French gentleman, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, was acting then as tutor to the only son of a rich and influential Pasha. To the residence of this wealthy Turk my friend one day conducted me.

"What sort of mansion am I going to see?" I asked him on the way.

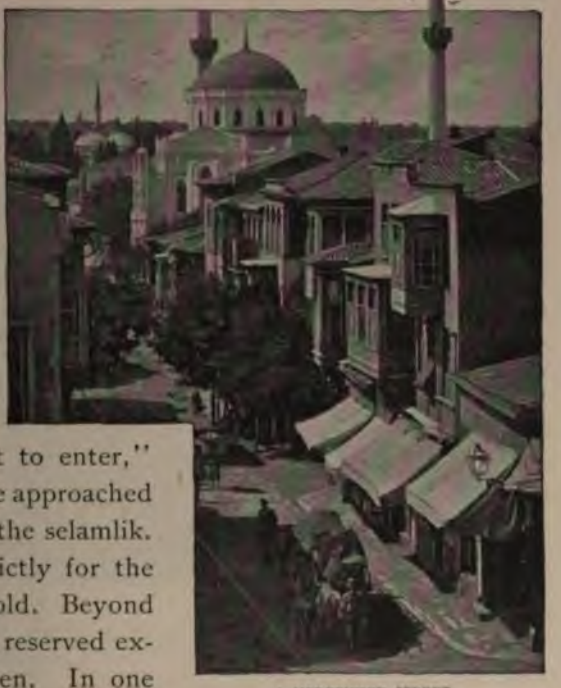
A PRIVATE COURTYARD.

"All Turkish houses," he replied, "are built after nearly the same design. Each is divided into two parts,—the selamlik, and the harem."

"The harem!" I repeated in astonishment: "I thought that only the Sultan possessed a harem."

My friend threw back his head and laughed.

"Pardon me," he exclaimed, "but that idea of yours strikes me as very amusing, since, as you will soon discover, it is utterly erroneous. The part of the house that we are about to enter," he continued, as we approached the doorway, "is the selamlik. It is intended strictly for the men of the household. Beyond that is the harem, reserved exclusively for women. In one the Pasha receives his friends; in the other his wife welcomes hers. A single door divides the two establishments, but to all visitors they are as distinct as separate houses. The harem is, however, the larger and more elegantly furnished of the two."



A MODERNIZED STREET.

"Excuse me," I faltered, "but I do not know just what you mean by the harem?"

"The word 'harem,'" he replied, "means 'sacred enclosure,' and sometimes denotes the sanctuary of a temple.

Hence, in domestic life, it merely signifies a place secure from all intrusion."

Thus speaking, we entered the general reception-room of the selamlik. It was carpeted with handsome rugs, while around the walls extended a long line of couches covered with soft cushions.

" Of course," said my companion, " you understand that this is as far as you or I, or any man, save the Pasha himself, may go in this establishment. Into the harem, where his wife and daughters live, no gentleman, however intimate a friend he may be, may penetrate. In fact, the Pasha himself is not allowed to cross its threshold, if his wife has any female callers."

IN THE SELAMLIK.

" How does he know whether any callers are there? " I asked.

" Because," was the reply, " all Moslem ladies leave their slippers outside the harem door, and over them no Turk will ever step. This is a universal custom, which every man respects, as he desires his neighbor to respect it in his turn."

At this moment the door opened, and the young pupil of my friend entered. He was sixteen years of age, courteous in his manners, and spoke French like a Parisian. Up to the

age of ten his home had been exclusively in the harem. Then he had stepped across the threshold, and had become a man; that is to say, he had, ever since that time, frequented the selamlik, and dined there with his father when he received invited guests. Of course, however, he always had free access to his mother and sisters, and spent much time in their society.

THE PASHA'S SON.

A moment later the Pasha himself entered the room. He was a tall, fine-looking man, and wore imposing decorations. As soon as he appeared, his son arose and assumed a most respectful attitude, with his arms folded on his breast. In fact, after we had made our salutations, and had resumed our seats, the son remained in the same position. The Pasha asked him several questions, which the boy answered modestly, using invariably the word *Effendi*, or Sir, in speaking to his father. At length the elder Turk waved his hand kindly and exclaimed:

THE PASHA.

"Sit down, my child." Without that invitation, the boy would not have ventured to do so.

"Is it possible," I asked my friend, when we were alone, "that there can be much love where there is so much formality?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply; "I never saw more genuine affection than that existing between this father and his boy. Their lives are bound up in each other. But the Turks, like all Orientals, look on filial reverence and respect as the most important of virtues; and they believe that too much freedom and familiarity tend to destroy these qualities."

Before we left the house my friend conducted me into the smoking-room of the mansion.

"Has the Pasha a large establishment?" I inquired.

"Not for the Orient," was the reply, "although there are eight or ten servants in the harem, and fourteen here in the selamlik, merely to wait on the Pasha, his son and myself."

A TURKISH LADY.

"What do they all find to do?" I asked in astonishment.

"You must remember," said my friend, "that in the Orient, each servant has his specialty, and will do nothing else. Moreover, there are many gradations in their rank. Highest of all are the Pasha's amanuensis and his steward. Beneath them come the head cook, the master of the stables, and a valet for each of us. Next in rank are the men who row the family on the Bosporus, the gardeners, grooms and stable-boys; while last of all are a few lesser functionaries, whose duty it is to wait on those above them."

"I see," I laughingly exclaimed, "it is as the poet has told us:

> "Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em;
> And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*."

THERAPIA, A SUMMER RESORT ON THE BOSPORUS.

"But what is the cost of all this?" I continued, seriously.

"Not so much as you may imagine," was the reply. "One thousand dollars a month covers the whole expense of this large household, including horses, carriages, private boat, food and clothing for all, and salaries for this retinue of servants."

THE TUTOR.

The harem of a Turkish house must always be to the male sex more or less of a mystery; but if the ladies who do me the honor to read these pages could enter one, they might perhaps be surprised to find there only one wife. For, although allowed by law to have four wives, the Turk of the present day rarely has more than one. This fact is no doubt due in part to motives of economy; for every wife is legally entitled to her separate apartment and her private servants; and this, in these days, even in the Orient, involves a large expenditure of money. Moreover, since a Mohammedan's wives must all be treated on a basis of perfect equality, any expense which the husband incurs for one, must be exactly multiplied by the number of his other consorts. Hence, we can understand the

THE SMOKING-ROOM.

TINTING THE EYEBROWS.

Turkish proverb which declares that a household with four wives is like a vessel in a storm.

In the complicated phases of modern society polygamy in large Oriental cities at least, is practically curing itself, save in the case of the Sultan, or of wealthy officials. My friend declared that in all his acquaintance at Constantinople, he knew only one man who had two wives, and he was a Frenchman who had become a Moslem. It is well to remember also, in justice to Mohammed, that the law permitting each of his followers to have four wives was really *a limitation of the polygamy existing before his time*. Polygamy had flourished in the Orient for ages. The Patriarchs had several wives. King Solomon (who nevertheless enjoyed a reputation for wisdom) is said to have had seven hundred.

AN EARTHLY HOURI.

It is often carelessly stated that the Islam faith regards all women as soulless, and denies them immortal-

ENJOYING A SIESTA.

ity. This is not so. The Koran repeatedly assures to women equal participation with men in the joys of Paradise. Thus, one verse reads: "God hath promised to all believers, men and women, gardens and goodly places to dwell in forever." Again, even more explicitly, it states: "For all believing men *and believing women;* devout men *and devout women;* for truthful men *and truthful women;* and for all men *and women* who remember him, God hath prepared forgiveness and a great reward." And every Friday, at the conclusion of the sermon, a collect is recited, praying that divine mercy and grace may rest upon all faithful and believing women, whether living or dead.

A MOSLEM WOMAN.

Some facts of a legal nature regarding Moslem women are not generally known. For example, a daughter, at her father's death, shares equally with a son in the estate. A

Mohammedan wife has absolute possession of all property that was hers before marriage, and of all that subsequently comes to her. She can dispose of it during her lifetime, or at her death, as she pleases. She can sue and be sued, independently of her husband;—she can even sue him, and be sued by him. She may plead her own cause before the courts, and sometimes does so. Nor is this all. Not only is a husband legally bound to support his wife and provide her with a suitable home, but (more important still), when he marries her, *he* (not her father) must give her a dowry, which is to be her individual property; and if he ever divorces her, that dowry still remains her own. As regards the custody of children in case of a divorce, Mohammed settled the question, thirteen hundred years ago, by saying that a son must remain with his mother as long as he requires her care; and a daughter until she is married. On the other hand, the divorce laws in the Orient put even those of South Dakota in the shade. If a Moslem husband wishes to divorce his wife, he merely has to say: "I give thee thy dowry; I divorce thee,"—and the thing is done. Twice he can say this and take back his wife; but if he says it the third time, all is over. He has lost her,—at least until some other man has married and divorced her;—then he has another chance! The woman, however, has no such opportunity as this. In Constantinople the men do all the divorcing. There is no doubt, therefore, which

IN STREET DRESS.

of the sexes holds the reins in Turkey, and a Moslem could hardly appreciate the story of the American lady who said: "Ten years ago the minister made John and me one, and ever since then we have been trying to find out *which one*." Yet, deplorable as their lives may seem to us, we must not think that Turkish women languish in absolute seclusion. On the contrary, so far as associating with their own sex is concerned, they have great freedom. They walk or drive about at any hour of the day,—they have their pleasure-boats on the Bosporus, they travel in the steamboats, trains and horse-cars; they visit their friends; they go to the mosques; they spend hours in the baths; they shop freely in the bazaars;—in fact, they do almost everything they choose, provided they wear a mantle and are lightly veiled, and associate only with their own sex. Thus clothed and attended, they have an advantage over many Christian ladies, for they are then never subjected to the slightest insult in even the poorest quarters of the city.

AFTER THE BATH.

The place beloved above all others by these Eastern women is the bath-house. Many of these establishments are quite luxurious, and may be fairly called the Club Houses of the ladies of Stamboul. Here they can meet as often as they like, and gossip to their hearts' content; and so enamored

are they of this dissipation, that they will sometimes bring their luncheons with them and stay all day long. In those softly tinted halls there are often gathered a hundred ladies at a time, in every stage of dress and undress,— chatting, laughing, smoking, doing fancy work, or being waited on by female slaves. And, according to the testimony of European ladies who have seen them, they present such an array of lovely forms that one could easily imagine the sumptuous rooms thus tenanted, to be a portion of the Paradise promised to all faithful Moslems.

BOHEMIAN WOMEN.

With the exception of conversation, music, and reading, Oriental ladies have few indoor diversions. The Turks, of course, never give social entertainments like our own. To them the promiscuous mingling of the sexes at a ball is abhorrent, and waltzing they no doubt consider an invention of the devil. In fact, dancing, as an amusement, is something which indolent Orientals cannot comprehend. When a distinguished Moslem visited Paris, not long ago, he was invited to the house of a wealthy banker. There, to his amazement, he beheld his host indulging in a waltz. "How is it possible," he cried, "that, when he is so rich, this gentleman gives himself the trouble to dance? Why does n't he hire some one to do it for him?"

There is, however, a kind of dancing in which some followers of the Prophet are adepts. It is that practiced by the Whirling Dervishes. These men are easily recognized by their peculiar, tall, felt hats, resembling in form and color

A PRIMITIVE LANDING-PLACE.

inverted flower-pots or loaves of Boston brown bread. All visitors to Constantinople come to witness their unique performances, the attendance of strangers being desired by the dervishes, without regard to their religious belief. The presence of spectators probably adds to the nervous excitement, which they crave. Imagine, in the centre of a room containing galleries for visitors, an old man standing motionless, surrounded by a score or more of younger men, who have saluted him and patiently await a signal from his hand. When it is given, one of the dervishes begins to spin around like a top, resting on the heel of his right foot, while propelling himself with the left. Another quickly follows his example, then another and another, until the entire company is in motion. The skirts of their long robes, belted at the waist, soon stand out from their bodies like so many bells, and keep their shape as steadily as if cast in bronze. Meantime the pose of each of the dancers is identical. The head droops to one side, the arms are extended, the right hand is raised aloft with upturned palm,

WHIRLING DERVISHES.

THE PERSIAN EMBASSY — PERA.

as if to claim the blessing of Allah, the left hand lowered with the palm inverted, in token that what they thus receive they will hand down to others. Round and round they go, not in one place alone, but circling slowly through the hall, as planets turn on their own axes, while revolving about a central sun. But, though the eyes of the whirlers were half-closed, we never saw the least collision of even one robe with another. Meanwhile an orchestra of flutes and tambourines kept up a weird, monotonous music, which gradually grated on our nerves, and made us restless and excited. The dancers were much more affected by it, and as its measures grew more rapid, they seemed to lose all consciousness of their surroundings, revolving with increased velocity,— a smile of ecstasy upon their parted lips. No doubt they thus experience a vertigo which has a temporary effect upon the brain like that of intoxication. But though their revolutions were continued for an hour, with scarcely an instant's pause, we saw no dervish fall from the ranks, nor were they finally any more affected than to stagger slightly at the conclusion of their exhausting work.

A VISITOR FROM THE PROVINCES.

The most enjoyable excursion to be made in the environs of Constantinople is the sail of sixteen miles on the Bosporus,— from the Golden Horn to the Black Sea. It is a fascinating scene of brilliant colors and perpetual movement. Vessels from every quarter of the globe, steamers from various parts of Europe, and Turkish men-of-war bearing the crimson flag and crescent,— all these are anchored

here, or passing to and fro. Around them, too, are little boats, which skim across the waves, as light and swift as sea-gulls, some bearing from shore to shore officers in uniform, others conveying richly-dressed pashas, or half-veiled ladies from a Turkish harem. Aside from all that man has done to give these shores immortal interest, the scenery which they disclose is most enchanting. The contour of the banks is as symmetrical and graceful as if delineated by an artist's hand.

A PLEASURE PARTY.

Eight promontories from the side of Asia, and just as many from the shore of Europe, project themselves into the sparkling waves,— an advancing headland on one continent always corresponding to a retiring bay upon the other,— till the observer cannot doubt that in some prehistoric age the Black Sea and the Mediterranean were entirely separate, and that an earthquake shock of fearful magnitude here tore apart the shores of the future Europe and Asia, and cleft between them this deep channel, down which the waters of the northern sea have never ceased to roll. At present, however, the site of that remote catastrophe is profoundly peaceful. Both shores are lined with pretty villages which rise

in swift succession from the waves. In one place they form an almost unbroken continuity of buildings six miles long. They are exceedingly picturesque; for in contrast to the azure of the sea and the dark foliage of cypress-trees, are thousands of variously-colored houses, resembling in the distance bright parterres of flowers. Till recently, however, the Christian residents of these villages were forbidden to paint

PICTURESQUE VILLAGES.

their houses, so that the dwellings of Mohammedans could be instantly distinguished. Some of these structures are the summer homes of wealthy Turks and foreigners. What charming residences they must be! For down the rapid current of the Bosporus sweeps usually a delightful breeze, and through these houses, even in the hottest weather, is wafted the invigorating freshness of the sea. And yet these dwellings on the Bosporus are not exempt from danger,— not, as one might expect, from inundation, for the level of this ocean-current rarely changes,— but from the fact that sailing vessels, failing to manœuvre with sufficient alertness in these

A HIGHWAY BETWEEN TWO CONTINENTS.

narrow limits, are sometimes driven by the wind or current against the houses with such violence as to break the windows with their yard-arms, or even to force their bowsprits into the parlors and sleeping-rooms of the astonished occupants.

THE MAIDEN'S TOWER.

Along the Bosporus history and legend struggle for supremacy, succeeding one another like its rolling waves. Not far from the Asiatic shore, directly opposite Galata, there stands upon an isolated rock a lighthouse, ninety feet in height. The Turks call it the Maiden's Tower, in memory of a Sultan's daughter, lovely and attractive as an Oriental flower. She had been placed there by her father, whom a gipsy's prophecy had terrified; for it had been foretold that

SUMMER RESIDENCES.

ABD-UL HAMID II.

cut glass, tables and urns of malachite and porphyry, and the largest plate-glass mirrors in the world, are contributions from the Occident. It is a striking commentary on the mutability of earthly grandeur that this magnificent palace, though so recent in its origin, is now practically tenantless. It is true, its wonderful throne-room is still used for ceremonies of state,—but the present sovereign will not reside therein. Sinister memories haunt its gilded halls, ill-calculated to promote undisturbed sleep or peaceful dreams. For it was from Dolma Baghtcheh, on the morning of May 29, 1876, that Abd-ul Aziz, the uncle of the reigning Sultan, was forcibly removed to his mysterious and tragic death; and a few weeks later, the present sovereign's elder brother, the successor to Abd-ul Aziz, here became insane,—a circumstance that enabled the actual ruler, Abd-ul Hamid II, to ascend the throne.

Not far from this, another palace rises from the waves, dainty and beautiful with marble balconies and columns. This is as small and

ONE OF THE SULTAN'S RETREATS.

graceful as the preceding one is massive and imposing. Surrounded by a stately grove, with gardens stretching far out on the adjoining hills, it is a favorite resort in summer for the Sultan and his family. Here, no doubt, are enacted scenes like those which, centuries ago, were wont to take place on the Seraglio Point. For here the favorite Sultanas pass their time in listening to music, wandering through

SWEET WATERS OF ASIA.

the grove, sailing upon the little river which here joins the Bosporus, — or gazing through their gilded lattice-work upon the ever-changing beauty of the sea.

But the charms of the Bosporus are not reserved for Sultanas only. Ottoman ladies are very fond of making excursions to its banks in summer, particularly to a lovely spot known as the "Sweet Waters of Asia." Here,— as in a similar locality on the Golden Horn, called the "Sweet Waters of Europe,"— one may behold, discreetly, thousands of Mohammedan women, all clad in brightly colored silken mantles. They are usually seated on rugs, or resting on soft cushions, in the shade of noble trees. Most of them laugh

and talk incessantly, while eating sweetmeats and ice-cream served by obsequious domestics; but some are silent and reserved as statues. Turkish gentlemen are also often visible, but they always keep by themselves, rarely, if ever, speaking to their ladies, although the venders of sherbet and confectionery sell their wares indiscriminately to both sexes. Meantime many children run about, and play upon the car-

THE CASTLE OF ASIA.

pet of soft grass, filling the air with shouts of laughter, and receiving the admiration and caresses of all.

Like the Rhine, the Bosporus is not without its ruins. The most picturesque, and, at one time, the most massive of them all, is known as the Castle of Europe. Four hundred and fifty years have come and gone since this was built here by Mohammed II. It was his first important step toward the great object of his life,— the capture of Constantinople. His predecessor, Mohammed I, had already erected a menacing fortress on the opposite Asiatic promontory, but this one was a step in advance, and,— more significant still, — a step on European soil. The stronghold was, for that age, marvelous. A thousand laborers toiled upon its walls like galley slaves. Altars and columns, plundered from

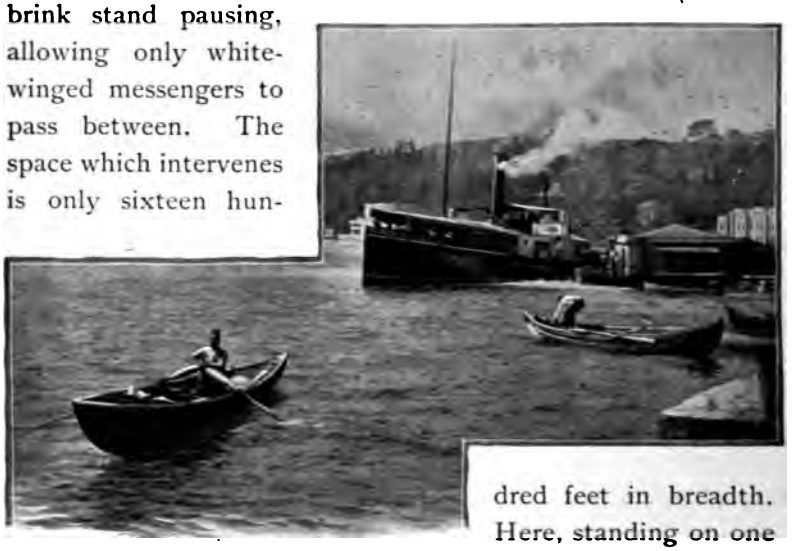
A FISHING-STATION ON THE BOSPORUS.

Christian churches, were used in its construction. Its lofty walls were thirty feet in thickness, and on their summits were placed heavy cannon, by which the Moslems held the Bosporus completely at their mercy, preventing any food-supplies from coming by way of the Black Sea to the Christians, and making them practically prisoners in their capital. It is said also, that, partly from caprice, partly from enthusiasm, Mohammed II so arranged the towers of this castle, that they should trace against the sky the Arabic letters which expressed not only his own name, but that of the Prophet. Now the old fortress is in ruins. The foremost actor in a great tragedy performed here half a century before America was discovered, it now lags superfluous on the stage, from which it will eventually disappear beneath the unsparing tooth of time.

THE SULTAN GOING TO PRAY.

THE TWO CONTINENTS.

Almost within the shadow of these ruined battlements, the steamer brings us to the place where the two continents most closely approach each other. Here Europe and Asia advance as if to cast themselves into each other's arms, yet on the brink stand pausing, allowing only white-winged messengers to pass between. The space which intervenes is only sixteen hundred feet in breadth. Here, standing on one continent, one can distinguish voices on the other. Between these headlands, fourteen centuries before the birth of Christ, sailed the explorer Jason with his Argonauts, returning with the Golden Fleece. Five hundred years before the Christian era, Darius stretched here, from one shore to the other, a bridge of boats, on which were led from Asia into Europe his host of seven hundred thousand men. Here, too, the Bosporus was crossed by the ten thousand Greeks whom Xenophon led back from Persia, in that retreat of which all boys who enter college still read in Xenophon's "Anabasis."



LEAVING A LANDING.

Between these headlands, sailing northward on his way to exile, came the illustrious poet Ovid, banished from Rome and destined never again to behold the city on the Tiber so imperishably connected with his verse.

In Christian centuries, the hosts of the Crusaders repeatedly crossed this narrow strait, in their enthusiastic march to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens; while, at the time of the Crimean war, the united fleets of France and England passed between these promontories to reduce Sebastopol.

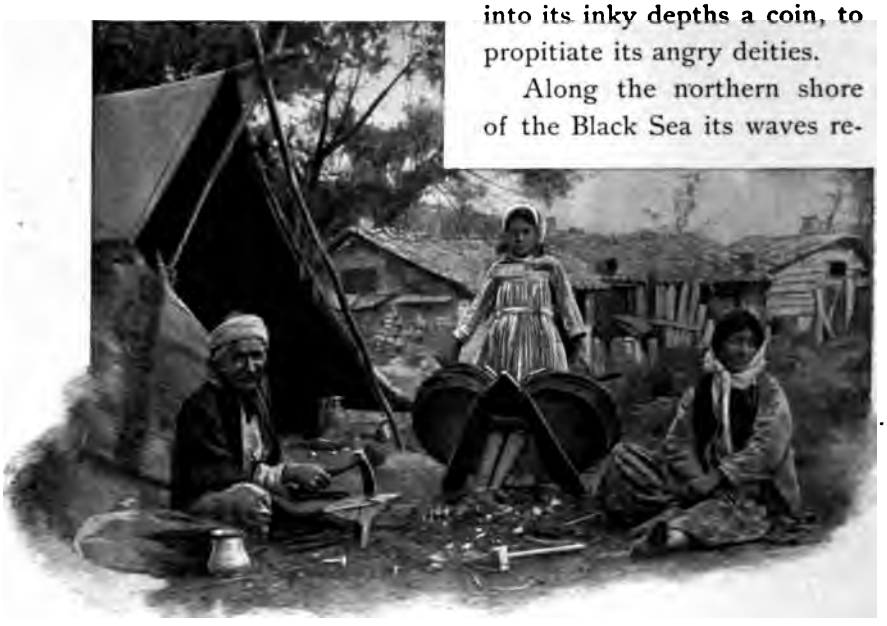
Eight thousand British victims of that conflict now repose in Asiatic soil on a magnificently situated height overlooking the blue Bosporus. Above them is the noble monument by

THE DEVIL'S STREAM.

Marochetti, commemorative of their courage and fidelity. At each of the four corners of the structure stands a colossal angel, pen in hand, as if about to write upon the scroll of immortality the names of the heroic dead, who nevertheless rest here in nameless graves. Mute though they are, these sculptured seraphs call to mind one who was here an angel of tenderness and mercy to the suffering and dying,— the woman loved and reverenced throughout the world,— Florence Nightingale.

The Black Sea is the cradle of the Bosporus, as the Sea of Marmora is its grave. Where the great northern ocean sends its mighty volume into this narrow channel, the current is so strong that it is called the Devil's Stream. Beyond it is that

vast, imprisoned sea, still formidable even to modern navigators, and fairly awe-inspiring to the ancients, whose ships were ill-adapted to resist its winds and waves. Hence, in former times, every one who entered it was wont to drop into its inky depths a coin, to propitiate its angry deities.



A GIPSY CAMP.

Along the northern shore of the Black Sea its waves reflect the Russian cross, as on its southern coast still flaunts the Moslem crescent. To sweep across this ocean barrier, to make of it a Russian lake, and finally to seize the Turkish capital, has been from the foundation of the Russian Empire the constant aspiration of its Czars. Time and again Muscovite armies have advanced to do this, and once, in 1877, came within a day's march of Stamboul. But they have always been compelled to halt by the prompt action of the other Powers. That Russia will eventually control the Bosporus and have free exit for her warships into the Mediterranean there can be little doubt. It

MONUMENT TO THE HEROES OF THE CRIMEA.

is the logical outcome of the Eastern question. The wonderful expansive power of the Russian empire requires that southern gateway, and will surely have it—in fact, if not in name—in the inevitable sequence of events. How much the Turks may do to resist the giant of the north, it is difficult to estimate, for they are both fanatical and brave. With them religion takes the place of patriotism. The world has not forgotten their defense of Plevna, in 1877. For five long months the Russians tried in vain to capture it, until, at last, starvation (aided, it is said, by Russian gold used freely in the form of bribes) achieved what no artillery could accomplish. But Plevna alone had cost the Russians fifty thousand men.

The recent war with Greece has also once more shown the military prowess of the Sultan's troops, and was a startling reminder of the fact that only three hundred years ago the balance of power in Europe was very different. For then the Sultan's ships were masters of the Mediterranean; the Black Sea was a Turkish lake; the Moslem empire included, with the exception of Rome, all the great sacred and historic cities of antiquity,— Ephesus, Smyrna, Antioch, Damascus, Athens, Jerusalem, and Alexandria; and the Crescent had expanded till one point rested on the Golden Horn, while the other glittered opposite the

THE TURKISH ADMIRALTY.

[illegible] Even to-day the Holy Sepulchre [illegible] still the crescent floats above the [illegible] this were not enough, [illegible] with resistless force, captured [illegible] and made of Hun- [illegible] Turkish

[illegible] for one [illegible] forty years. [illegible] cently as two [illegible] ago, Vienna [illegible] But since that [illegible] Bulgaria, [illegible] and now virtually [illegible] from her enfeebled [illegible] held a territory of [illegible] miles, she now has [illegible] population of twenty [illegible] probably, is but the [illegible] and religion, be- [illegible] sufficient unanimity [illegible] to insure united [illegible] government depart. [illegible] special force, as, on a recent [illegible] to the Bosporus, I saw again the form of fair

Stamboul, stretched out in indolent repose, like ancient Rome, upon her seven hills. For, whether it be Russia, Austria, Germany, England, or a joint protectorate of nations, some Christian power must ere long occupy this site, and lift it to the rank designed for it by destiny,— that of the immortal Queen of the East, throned on the Eden of the world, and holding as a sceptre in her hand the Golden Horn. Already the air is tremulous with coming change. Aside from what may soon transpire here in politics through the astonishing diplomacy of Russia, many material improvements of great value have been planned. A railway has been partially surveyed, which is to extend from Constantinople east and south down the valley of the Euphrates, and which will open a direct route by rail from Paris through to Persia. With such facilities for commerce on the land, joined to her natural advantages by sea,— under a liberal and progressive government, what boundless possibilities await Stamboul!

THE SEA OF MARMORA.

Filled with such dreams of Constantinople's future, I stepped one afternoon upon a steamer bound for Italy, and sailed out southward on the Sea of Marmora. The sun was sinking fast behind the Moslem minarets. To me the city of the Bosporus had never seemed so beautiful. In such a light her evil qualities all vanished; her degradation disappeared. She stood transfigured in the sunset of a brilliant

past and in the dawn of a more brilliant future. For Constantinople has a future. She never can revert to impotence, like Ephesus and Palmyra. Her peerless site makes such a fate impossible. Though built upon the ashes of dead empires, she nevertheless survives them all, and centuries hence will no doubt smile as magically as she does to-day in her eternal youth. [illegible] while the world shall last, the Sovereign of the Black Sea and the Marmora can never be [illegible] has set upon her brow the seal [illegible]

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM

PALESTINE has an area only a little larger than the State of Massachusetts, while Russia occupies one-seventh of the habitable globe; yet in the scales of intellectual and moral value the little province of Judæa outweighs beyond comparison the empire of the Czar. There was a time when, even from a material point of view, Syria could not be despised. Rome counted it her richest province. One of the choicest gifts which Antony bestowed on Cleopatra was the magnificent Palm Grove on the plain of Jericho, of which at present not a trace remains. Even

RUINS OF CAPERNAUM.

to-day, with proper irrigation, some districts of the Holy Land could offer to the Syrian sun as splendid fields of grain as ever fringed the Nile with green and gold. But man's envy of the beauty and fertility of Palestine produced its ruin.

Lying midway between Assyria and Egypt, and bordered on the east by deserts swarming with nomadic warriors, this

JAFFA.

land has lain for ages like a beautiful slave in the market-place, contended for by wrangling rivals. All the great powers of antiquity, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Egypt, and Arabia, have in turn possessed it; and billows of destructive conquest have rolled over it like tidal-waves, wrecking its architectural glories, and sweeping much of its historic splendor into oblivion.

Association with the past, therefore, is everything in Palestine. Without that charm, of all the countries in the world it is perhaps the least attractive. But invoke the aid of mem-

ory and imagination here, and its once fertile plains will be adorned with splendid cities, while over its historic landscapes will be hung a veil of romance. Summon from its hills the echoes of the past, and every stone will seem a monument and every ruined wall a page of history.

The usual approach to Palestine, it must be said, is not romantic. It was early in the morning when the steamer which had brought us from Port Saïd, in Egypt, halted before that celebrated seaport of the Holy Land,— now called Jaffa, but known in ancient times as Joppa. The city rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, and if that sea be rough, no traveler will forget his landing there; for, although one of the oldest cities in the world, Jaffa has as yet no harbor, and half a mile from shore, passengers are lowered from the steamer into little boats, manned by gesticulating, howling natives. These boats are then with difficulty guided through a semi-circular belt of rocks, some of which lift their savage tusks above the waves, while others lurk below the surface, ready to tear the keel from any vessel that encounters them. To one of these rocks, according to mythology, Andromeda was chained, until released by her deliverer, Perseus.

We found the surf which beat upon these reefs even more violent than our boatmen. There was continual danger of capsizing,—a fate which, just at this particular place, appeared

LANDING AT JAFFA.

especially uninviting, since here it was that Jonah, when ejected from the ship, is said to have been swallowed by the whale. The previous stormy night, however, had so appealed to — everything within us — that we gladly ran all risks, and even Jonah's brief seclusion in the *camera obscura* he was forced to occupy, seemed not much worse than what we had endured while in our little state-rooms.

MARKET-PLACE — JAFFA.

At last the ordeal was over, and we found ourselves — a trifle pale from our exciting advent through the breakers — within a market-place abounding in all kinds of fish and fruits, including the unrivaled "Jaffa Oranges." Among the traders' booths and a variety of primitive vehicles moved representatives of half a dozen different nationalities. Never again shall I be heartless enough to say of my worst enemy — "I wish he were in Joppa." Life is too short for such severity. I still recall that walk to our hotel, when, hollow-hearted from a night of sea-sickness, and moist and mucilaginous from the spray that had dashed over us in the boats, we picked our way through mud and filth, now dodging to avoid a donkey, now almost rubbing noses with a camel, and ever and anon inhaling odors which proved that, even in this land of sanctity, "cleanliness is" *not* always "next to godliness."

It was in Joppa that Dorcas lived, the good woman who was so skilful with her needle; but judging from the ragged clothing of the people here, she has had no successors. It would be hard to find a place where Dorcas Societies are more needed than in Jaffa.

Nor were the faces that we saw around us calculated to command either our confidence or admiration. Two men who were grinding corn between flat stones looked more like anthropoid apes than human beings. One appeared decidedly sad, the other jovial, like the familiar portraits of babies "before and after using Pitcher's Castoria." The first possessed a face as thickly lined with wrinkles as a piece of corrugated iron, and we felt sure that in a storm the rain must run in regular channels down his cheeks; while his companion's countenance wore a smile which cut his features into two black hemispheres, leaving his curly beard to wag beneath his chin like a small shopping-bag of Astrachan fur. Two other characteristic specimens of humanity were lounging on the steps of the "Twelve Tribes' Hotel." One was a Greek, the other (several shades darker in complexion) was an Arab. Both were so fancifully dressed, that a newcomer might suppose them to be singers in a comic opera. Put Francis Wilson in the streets of Jaffa, wearing his make-up as the "Merry Monarch," or the "Oolah," and he would seem to a tourist just landed there a sight no stranger than most

SAD AND JOVIAL.

CEDAR OF LEBANON.

of the eight thousand souls that constitute the population of this Syrian seaport.

Yet the historical associations of Jaffa render it worthy of respectful interest. For ages it has been the ocean-gateway to Jerusalem. To its portals, in King Solomon's time, was brought the wealth of Tyre and Sidon; and on the very waves through which our boats had struggled to the land, floated, three thousand years ago, the famous cedars of Mount Lebanon, sent by a Syrian monarch for the Hebrew temple. Jaffa has been possessed successively by Jews, Phœnicians, Romans, Moslems, and Crusaders, and even the first Napoleon left here dark traces of his path of conquest; while, century after century, pilgrims from every quarter of the globe have made their way through this old war-scathed city toward the Holy Sepulchre.

WOMAN IN JAFFA.

The place in Jaffa most visited by these pilgrims is the reputed house of Simon the Tanner. There are, it is true, two other houses which dispute this claim, but this, for some cause, is the one exhibited by the guides, and thus a handsome revenue rewards its owner; for, when properly recompensed, he graciously conducts all visitors to the flat roof on which Saint Peter is alleged to have had that dream which warned

A THREE-HORSE COACH.

him to regard no people as unclean, but to proclaim his message of good tidings to the world at large, —not merely to the Jew, but also to the Gentile. There is, of course, little probability that this is really the house where Peter lodged nineteen centuries ago, though possibly the original was quite as unpretentious as the present structure. Yet, as a characteristic Oriental dwelling, it calls to mind the fact that on just such a roof as this, certainly in this very town, a humble fisherman of Galilee learned the great lesson of the brotherhood of man, which, when proclaimed, was so to revolutionize the world, that now, within the city of the Cæsars, the most magnificent temple of Christian-

HOUSE OF SIMON THE TANNER.

ity, St. Peter's, bears his name. Until within the last few years, saddle-horses, or else a lumbering three-horse coach, afforded the only means of transportation from Jaffa to Jerusalem, along a highway fairly passable for vehicles. But now a railroad has been built over this distance of thirty-three miles, and once a day the iron horse draws tourists across the plains of Sharon; a railway bridge surmounts the brook where David chose the smooth stones for his combat with Goliath; a locomotive's whistle wakes the echoes of Mount Zion; and the conductor might with reason call out to his passengers, en route, "Ramleh, — reputed residence of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, — five minutes for refreshments." At the time of our visit, however, steam-cars had not yet made their appearance in the land of Abraham. Accordingly our party made the journey on horseback.

RAMLEH.

After one leaves the fertile environs of Jaffa, the land grows desolate and sterile. Even the celebrated Plain of Sharon is but the shadow of its former self, for its whole extent was once cultivated and well watered, and teemed with a contented, prosperous population. The hills between this and Mount Zion are extremely barren. The rocks reflect the sun with angry glare, and only a few trees remind us of the

splendid forests that once flourished here. Along the road are many ruined watch-towers resembling heaps of bones gnawed and abandoned by the dogs of time. Once they were needful; for until recently this customary path for Christian pilgrims was a resort for bandits. In fact, a little town

A CHARACTERISTIC RUIN.

between Jerusalem and Jaffa is still called after the most famous of Syrian robbers, who, with six brothers and nearly a hundred formidable henchmen, was for a score of years the terror of the community.

In the number of its desolate ruins Palestine takes precedence even of the country of the Nile. Hardly a hill-top rises in Judæa which is not strewn with vestiges of fortresses or

cities of a former age, reminding us of constant warfare during successive centuries. Accordingly, the secular associations of the Holy Land at first overshadow its sacred ones.

THE OLD WALLS.

That these gray rocks had echoed to the shouts of Roman legions, conquering Arabs, and the steel-clad warriors of the Cross, seemed to us perfectly credible. But the Jerusalem of our childhood—the Judæa of the Bible—appeared at the outset as distant from us here as when we had looked forward to this tour four thousand miles away.

When, therefore, our old guide informed us that from the next hill we should see Jerusalem, I looked at him incredulously. Then, suddenly, I felt a quick bound of my heart, and, spurring my horse on to his utmost speed, I galloped furiously to the summit. Jerusalem at last!

The view of the Holy City as one approaches it from Jaffa, is not so broad and comprehensive as from other points, but the first glimpse of its historic walls from any point can never be forgotten. No spot on earth appeals so powerfully both to the intellect and the emotions. No equal area of our globe has been the theatre of events which have so influenced the history of mankind. It is the city of Abraham, of David, of Solomon, and of Jesus; the city, too, of Titus and of

Tancred. In one great flood of emotion the old religious memories of early years swept over me, until the walls and towers grew blurred and indistinct, and I could understand the feelings of the old Crusaders, when they first saw this City of the Cross, and amid solemn prayers, exultant shouts and sacred song, each knee sank trembling in the dust, and mailed warriors from distant lands clasped hands and wept for joy.

Alas! if only we could always feel those first emotions which the distant vision of Jerusalem excites! But, as is the case in almost every Oriental town, the shock which one encounters on a close approach is disenchanting. It is true, its massive towers are quite in keeping with our historical reminiscences, and Arabic inscriptions on the Moorish gate recall the conquest of the city by the Caliph Omar. But swarms of pilgrims, traders, and repulsive beggars instantly surround us, amidst a crowd of horses, donkeys, dogs and camels,—

THE JAFFA GATE.

and if we lift our eyes to heaven for relief, we see on one of the sacred walls the *fin de siècle* legend: "Cook's Tourist Office, inside Jaffa Gate." One naturally laughs at this,

because it seems as if there were now no spot on earth exempt from "personally conducted parties." But let us do this justice to the name thus displayed on the walls of Zion: If there be any part of the world where management like that of this experienced cicerone is needed, Palestine is the place. Here, where practically no traveling conveniences existed twenty-five years ago, arrangements have been so perfected, that one can now journey through Judæa in comparative luxury as well as safety. We traveled in no "personally conducted" party, but we did avail ourselves gladly of the system introduced here by that friend of travelers, and, while perfectly independent in our plans, were fitted out with a reliable guide, tents, bedding, rugs, mules, horses, five servants and an excellent cook;—all so excellent indeed, that, when outside the city in our tents, we fared much better than in a Jerusalem hotel. These comforts and attendance, it may be said, we obtained at an individual cost of about six dollars a day.

THE JAFFA GATE (FROM WITHIN).

The first thing we accomplished on the morning after our arrival in the Holy City, was to make the circuit of Jerusalem outside its belt of stone. It is a short excursion, for the area of the Holy City is small. The wall inclosing it is

only two and a half miles long, and one can easily walk round the city in an hour. Even in ancient times, although relieved by suburbs, Jerusalem must have been exceedingly compact, and at the period of the Hebrew festivals doubtless was thronged with people. Small though it be, however, a line of fortifications has environed it from the earliest times. History and poetry alike frequently refer to this, as in the Hebrew poet's exultant ode: "Walk about Zion. Go round about her. Count the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks."

AROUND THE WALLS.

TOWER OF DAVID.

Nor does it seem strange to find the Holy City fortified. Its situation naturally makes of it a fortress. Jerusalem is emphatically a city set upon a hill. It has an altitude of

ANCIENT JERUSALEM.

twenty-six hundred feet above the sea. Built on a natural bluff, three sides of it look down on deep ravines which take the place of moats, and would, if filled with water, make the city a peninsula. Had it possessed a valley on the fourth side also, Jerusalem would have been impregnable to ancient modes of warfare. The present walls, which were built by the Sultan Suleiman in 1542, are of course almost worthless now; for one hour's bombardment with modern cannon would make them fall as flat as those of Jericho. Yet, from a distance, Jerusalem still presents the appearance of a fortress; for these old battlements are nearly forty feet in height, and are marked at intervals by projecting towers. Of

these the most remarkable, alike for antiquity and strength, is the Tower of David, which was the last point in Jerusalem to yield when the city was captured by the Crusaders; and when the other turrets were destroyed by the Moslems in the thirteenth century, this admirable specimen of mural masonry was spared.

The handsomest of the portals which pierce the walls encircling Jerusalem is the Damascus Gate. It is comparatively modern, as one sees it now, having been built by a Mohammedan caliph about three hundred years ago, but excavations prove that its foundations are of great antiquity. Hence we may lose ourselves in endless speculations as to the famous men who from this point have gone forth from Jerusalem to leave their record on the page of history. Thus,

DAMASCUS GATE.

beneath the arch which no doubt rested on these same foundations, Paul may have set forth on his tour of persecution, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" toward all

Christians in the north, though destined subsequently, in Damascus, to become a convert to, and the most powerful defender of, the Christian faith. It is positively known, too, that through the Damascus gate, in the year 1099, the brave crusader, Tancred, and his followers made their victorious entry into the city.

In one part of the wall, some thirty feet above the ground, we saw, projecting from the masonry, a small round column which bore a grotesque resemblance to a peg on which a giant might have hung his hat. The Moslems have a tradition that Mohammed will seat himself on this column at the Day of Judgment, to decide the fate of all the people who will then be gathered in the vale below. Why he should choose to sit astride this uncomfortable shaft, instead of occupying a chair on the top of the broad wall, it is difficult to conjecture. Here tradition, nevertheless, assigns his seat, and from this point, it is affirmed, there will be stretched across the intervening valley to the Mount of Olives a bridge as narrow as the blade of a Damascus sword, upon which every one must walk as the decisive test of orthodoxy. It is expected that the followers of the Prophet will glide along this elevated road as safely as an acrobat; but that all others

THE GOLDEN GATE AND MOSLEM GRAVES.

OLIVE GROVE.

will fall into the valley yawning to receive them, and thence will be transported to perdition!

MOHAMMED'S SEAT.

Aside from such absurdities, however, the thoughts suggested by the belt of masonry which surrounds Jerusalem are most impressive. Transfigured by the lurid light of its eventful history, the name Jerusalem, or the "City of Peace," might seem to have been given to it in irony. Of all the cities in the world, Jerusalem is the least entitled to this appellation. The "City of Sieges" would be a more appropriate title, for it is one of the distinctive facts about Jerusalem that it has sustained more terrible and destructive sieges than any city upon earth. It withstood for months many of the finest armies of antiquity; and, when compelled to yield, the pertinacity and valor of its defenders were punished by an amount of cruelty and bloodshed unsurpassed in history. How strange, then, that this Hebrew capital, so deeply

WHERE STEPHEN WAS STONED.

LEPERS.

stained with blood, should have acquired universal interest, not through some mighty king or warrior, but through the "Prince of Peace"—an unresisting, uncomplaining martyr, who, somewhere on this very hill, besought His Father to forgive His murderers, and gave a memorable lesson in humility by washing His disciples' feet!

An interesting relic of the past, suggestive of the sieges of Jerusalem, is the fragment of an arch, which was, no doubt, the starting-point of the high bridge that rose above a portion of the city, and joined the two great hills on which Jerusalem was built, — Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. It thrills the beholder to stand beside the base of this huge arch, and think that on the bridge it once upheld, the Roman conqueror, Titus, advanced to hold a conference with the leading Jews, when, having

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

captured one-half of Jerusalem, he called upon the other section to surrender. His offers, however, were treated with disdain; for trusting still that Israel's God would rescue them, although the remainder of the city was in ruins, and though the Romans had already occupied their Holy Temple, the Jews fought on in desperation, to die by thousands round the ruined palace of their kings. The world has rarely seen a more impressive proof of national faith and heroism.

At one place in our walk about the Holy City we saw some wretched men and women crouching in the sun, and sheltered by a mass of paving-stones. They called to us in half-articulate words, rattled tin boxes partly filled with coins, in appeal for charity, and finally held out for our inspection fingerless hands and toeless feet. We started back, regarding them with mingled horror and compassion, for these we knew must be the hideous lepers of Jerusalem, about whom we had often read. We threw to them some pennies, for which they struggled furiously, the helpless and the disappointed ones uttering meantime heart-rending cries. Physicians claim that leprosy is not infectious, but we took care to keep at a safe distance from these loathsome beggars, and, like the Levite of old, to pass, though sorrowfully, on the other side. They are, however, genuine objects of compassion, and, as they cannot work, they must be supported either by the State or by private charity. Accordingly, it was

THE LEPER HOSPITAL.

with satisfaction that we beheld, not far from the Jaffa Gate, the hospital erected in 1867 for these pitiable creatures. They should all be secluded there; but liberty is still allowed them, and they often marry, thus propagating the disease, since this unfortunate evil is hereditary.

It is not strange to find these lepers in Jerusalem; for, though by no means limited to the Israelites, that race, when in the Orient, has always suffered more or less from this terrible malady. Yet the Mosaic regulations in regard to it were very strict. Those who had any symptoms of it were compelled to show themselves to the priest and undergo a seclusion of seven days. If they were then discovered to be really leprous, they were obliged to live outside the town, crying "Unclean, Unclean," to every one who might approach them, and dragging out a life of self-abhorring misery, until relieved by a welcome death.

A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

Finally, having made the circuit of Jerusalem, we passed through one of the gates and found ourselves in a thoroughfare called David Street. It is precisely in its streets that the Jerusalem of the present day is disappointing. Outside the walls, along the line of its historic battlements, or looking on the surrounding hills, which are the same as in the time of Christ, one feels the dignity and sanctity of the Holy

City, and can understand why it was said to be "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," and why the Psalmist cried with passionate enthusiasm: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." But in its present ill-paved, narrow streets, swarming with poverty-stricken Hebrews, scowling Turks and half-crazed pilgrims of all nationalities, the traveler is sickened by the filth of the place and wearied by the fraud and fanaticism which everywhere prevail. An effort of the will is needed here to rise above the environing physical and moral degradation, and to derive inspiration from the memory of the scenes which have endeared this city to mankind for nearly twenty centuries. Yet it must be confessed that many of its streets are picturesque. In fact, so narrow are the passageways, and so high and gloomy are the adjoining walls, that we continually felt, while walking here, that we were passing through the corridors of some huge fortress. There are few outside windows in the houses, and even these are

STREET BEGGARS.

AS IN A FORTRESS.

VIA DOLOROSA.

either grated or hidden by projecting lattices. Yet one should bear in mind that, in all such Oriental residences, the light and air are gained from inner courtyards. Hence from these unattractive walls and arches one can form no idea of the comfort, and even luxury, which possibly exist within.

The most renowned and sacred street within the Holy City is the Via Dolorosa,—believed by many to be the route along which the Saviour bore His cross to Calvary. If it could be established for a certainty that this was the actual pathway of the Man of Sorrows on His way to death, who could behold it save with tear-dimmed eyes? But it need hardly be remarked that there is no likelihood that such is

ECCE HOMO ARCH.

CHURCH OF MATER DOLOROSA.

HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS.

the case. The general direction of the street may possibly be the same, but its ancient level undoubtedly lies forty or fifty feet below the pavement of to-day. The soil on its surface surmounts the accumulation of the wrecks of centuries.

Nevertheless, at one place the Via Dolorosa is bordered by a structure which has for many generations borne the name of the Ecce Homo Arch, and is supposed to mark the spot where Pontius Pilate, pointing to the guiltless prisoner before him, uttered the well-known words,—"Behold the man!" Close by it is a little church, which, like the street itself, is often thronged with pious pilgrims. In fact, almost every foot of the Via Dolorosa is consecrated to some sad event connected with the path to Calvary. Thus, one spot is believed to indicate the place where Jesus took the cross upon His shoulders; another where He fell in weakness; another still where He addressed the women of Jerusalem; and yet another where Veronica, it is said, wiped the perspiration from His brow.

HOUSE OF VERONICA.

In this street also are the houses of Caiaphas and of Veronica, as well as that of Dives, before which lay the beggar Lazarus. At a neighboring corner, now lighted by an ever-burning lamp, Jesus, on His way to Calvary, is said to have met His Mother. Some twenty feet from this, there is a slight depression in the wall, to which tradition points as that caused by Christ's elbow as He pressed against it in His fall. In sight of this, also, is the stone on which the thirty pieces of silver were counted out to Judas, as well as the column on which the cock crew at the denial of Peter. To some readers the mention of these localities may seem sacrilegious; but no description of Jerusalem would be complete unless it gave due prominence to these so-called "Holy Sites," which have been revered for centuries by thousands. Moreover, though every one of them be discarded as historically valueless, their presence does not impair

THE HOUSE OF DIVES.

the transcendent value of the Christian religion, nor do they in the least detract from the incomparable teachings and inspiring life of Him who died upon the Cross.

However, concerning one portion of Jerusalem tradition is beyond question trustworthy. It is the area now occupied by the Mosque of Omar. Certain localities in this world have

MOSQUE OF OMAR.

been from earliest times reserved for worship. This hill is one of them. It antedates by many centuries the age of Solomon. Even before the days of Abraham it had been used for sacrificial rites; and to this height that patriarch came and offered up the ram in place of his son Isaac. Years after, in the splendid temple built by Solomon on this site, the solemn ritual of the Jews went on for centuries; and, finally, for more than a thousand years the hill has been a place of worship for the followers of Mohammed.

Eight handsome gateways open into its sacred courtyard. In former times, black dervishes, with drawn daggers, stood

A "STATION" IN THE VIA DOLOROSA.

day and night beside these gates to keep the sacred precinct unpolluted by the infidel. In fact, till recently, no Christian, with rare exceptions, was permitted to set foot within this hallowed area. But now, save on the occasion of a Moslem festival, the traveler will have no difficulty in entering, if he will pay the required fee. At first it may seem strange that this old Hebrew site should be held sacred by Mohammedans. Yet it is easily understood, when we remember that Mohammed derived most of his religious knowledge from the Jews, and looked upon Jerusalem as a place sanctified by the prayers of Hebrew patriarchs and prophets.

In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact that in their time the Jews were as exclusive as the Moslems. Not long ago an archæologist discovered one of the tablets of the Hebrew Temple, which, verifying the statement of Josephus, forbade strangers to enter the privileged area. It reads as follows. "No foreigner is to step within the balustrade around the temple and

ONE OF THE GATES.

MOSQUE OF OMAR (INTERIOR).

its enclosure. Whoever is caught, will be responsible to himself for his death, which will ensue." This gives a startling reality to the event narrated in the Acts of the Apostles, when Paul, suspected of having introduced a stranger into the Temple, would have been put to death but for the prompt interference of the commander of the fortress (the present Tower Antonia), who with his soldiers hastened to Paul's rescue.

TOWER ANTONIA.

The principal building in this great enclosure is the Dome of the Rock, popularly known as the Mosque of Omar. It is a beautiful and graceful structure, embellishing and dignifying the entire city. Unlike most mosques, there rise from it no tapering minarets, with exquisitely chiseled balconies, where the muezzin calls to prayer. Its elegantly modeled dome is deemed sufficient; and this, indeed, though ninety-six feet in height, is so extremely light and buoyant in appearance, that it would not surprise the traveler much to see it rise and float away toward Heaven, as Mohammed himself is said to have done from this

THE DOME OF THE ROCK.

very spot. The mosque itself is in the form of a richly decorated octagon. The lower half of the walls is covered with white marble, —the upper part is an expanse of porcelain tiles, whose colors blend in harmonious though intricate designs. Around them also, like a sculptured frieze of blue and white enameled tiles, are interwoven passages from the Koran.

INTERIOR OF MOSQUE.

The theology of the builders of this edifice cannot be misunderstood, for among various verses from the Moslem Scriptures here inscribed, are these:

A MOSLEM SHEIK.

"The Messiah, Jesus, was the son of Mary and Joseph. He was also the ambassador of God. Believe in God and His ambassador, but do not say that God is three. For God is one, and cannot have a son. Pray then to God alone:— That is the only way." Moreover, not content with the religious teachings carved upon the walls,

a Moslem priest, from a beautiful marble pulpit in this courtyard, every Friday proclaims to the faithful the significance and sanctity of all around them.

Having exchanged our shoes for slippers, according to the Moslem requirements, lest we should defile this consecrated area, we entered, first, a little gem of architecture, which we supposed to be one of the fountains for ablution always found in the vicinity of mosques. It is, however, an antechamber where the faithful pray before they pass within the mosque itself. This graceful pavilion, the walls of which are all inlaid with exquisite mosaic, bears the name of "David's Judgment Hall," for the Moslems claim that King David formerly hung a chain here as a test of men's veracity. All truthful witnesses could touch it without ill effects; but if a liar handled it, a link fell off at once,—one link for every lie. At this rate it is not surprising that the chain speedily lost its links. They long since disappeared.

THE MARBLE PULPIT.

From this anteroom for prayer, we advanced to and entered the mosque itself. Photography here cannot avail us much. An exceedingly "dim religious light" pervades the sacred edifice. For several minutes we could hardly distinguish our surroundings, but presently perceived that we were standing on a marble pavement partly covered with straw matting. We seemed to be in the *foyer* of an amphitheatre. On either side of us was a curving wall, upheld by marble columns. Occasionally a ray of light, through stained glass windows near the roof, revealed some glittering mosaics or a sculptured capital. "Where did these columns come from?" we inquired. "Some of them, doubtless, are relics of the various temples reared here by the Hebrews and their Roman conquerors," was the reply.

THE ROCK.

We slowly made our way along the serpentine corridor, and gradually understood the singular construction of the edifice. It is built in two concentric circles; the outer wall of the structure being one, and a corresponding circular screen the other; while, in the centre, just beneath the mighty dome, is—what? A precious shrine? By no means. Some noble work of art? Not at all. What then? A bare, rough rock, fifty-six feet in length and forty feet in breadth, without a particle of decoration on its surface.

PLACE OF APPEARANCE TO THE SHEPHERDS.

"What!" we exclaim, "is it to guard a mass of unhewn stone that this magnificent temple has been reared; that these rich columns stand in silent reverence; and that its glittering mosaics and lamps of variously-colored glass recall Aladdin's fabled cave?" Incredible as it seems, such is the fact. For this rock is the natural summit of the hill called Mount Moriah,—a real and tangible relic of the great Jerusalem. It was revered when Abraham and David knelt on it in prayer, when the Ark of the Covenant rested on its summit, and when the Son of Man drove from His Father's house, which then surmounted it, those who had made the place a den of thieves. There seems to be little doubt that when the Jews erected here their wonderful temple, they chose this rock as the foundation of its sacred altar. Beneath it are enormous rock-hewn cisterns, from forty to sixty feet deep, which served as reservoirs of water, or as receptacles for all the sacrificial blood that flowed in great profusion from the Hebrew Temple. Accordingly, few objects in the world are deemed so sacred as this rock; and few indeed have such good reason to be reverenced. Unfortunately, however, a mass of crude

UNDER THE ROCK.

Mohammedan traditions are connected with it. Thus we had pointed out to us upon its surface the very spots where Abraham, David, Solomon, and Elijah knelt upon the rock to pray. Mohammed also prayed here, and with such earnestness that when he ascended thence to Heaven, the rock, it is related, started to follow him, and was only held back by the Angel Gabriel, whose fingerprints are now exhibited in the stone.

ENTRANCE TO CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Moslems, however, claim that the rock, uplifted thus, never returned to its original position, and is even now suspended in the air! There is, in fact, beneath it a small cave, known as the Sepulchre of Solomon. Into the rock above this, Mohammed is said to have driven some nails, which gradually work through the stone and drop into the tomb below. When all the nails shall have disappeared, the Prophet will return to announce the end of the world. Three nails are still intact, but we were told that a fourth is on its way downward. The Moslem attendant, therefore, warns all pilgrims to step lightly, lest they shake a nail through, and thus hasten the day of judgment.

As the Dome of the Rock is the building which Moslems deem most sacred in Jerusalem, so the one most reverenced by Christians is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, erected by the Emperor Constantine, about three hundred years after the Crucifixion. It has no architectural beauty. Beyond an open space, where petty traders vend their rosaries and trinkets with discordant voices in almost every language known to man, is a façade which does not in the least suggest the entrance to a religious shrine. There were originally two portals here, but one has been walled up, thus making the building unsymmetrical. Three marble columns flank the open door on either side. One of them has a crack in it; and it is believed that from this rift, on the Judgment Day, will leap forth the fire that is to destroy the world. Accordingly, the riven shaft has been for centuries kissed by pious pilgrims, till now its surface is as smooth as glass. It is well to observe this at the outset, for every traveler should prepare himself for what he is to encounter in the Church of the

ROOF OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Holy Sepulchre, before he sets foot beyond its threshold. If he is satisfied that what he is to see is genuine, then let him enter the church filled with enthusiasm, reverence and joy. If, on the contrary, he feels that much of it is the result of ignorance and fraud, he should not lose his temper, but should pass in, philosophically and quietly, as to a study of humanity, remembering, above all, that the hallowing influence of those events in Christ's life which occurred somewhere upon this rocky platform of Jerusalem, should not be lessened because of the superstition of a portion of His followers.

A GUARD.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not so much a church, as a sacred exposition building. Its enormous roof covers a multitude of altars, chapels, stairways, caves and natural elevations; and under this one canopy, as if miraculously concentrated into a small area, are gathered almost all the places mentioned in the Bible, which could by any possibility be located in Jerusalem. The "Holy Sites" are owned by various Christian sects, who hate each other cordially; so much so, indeed, that officers, appointed by the Turkish Government, are always present to protect the property, and to prevent the owners from flying at one another's throats. This is, alas! no exaggeration, for deeds of bloodshed and violence have frequently occurred here, especially during the Easter celebrations. Not long ago, during Holy Week, a priest of the Greek Church hurled a bottle of

ink at the head of the Franciscan Superior who was conducting a procession round the Holy Sepulchre. It missed the leader and struck only a deacon; but, though the mark attained was a less shining one, it created a disturbance which Turkish soldiers were obliged to quell.

After crossing the threshold of this edifice, and passing by the Moslem guards who are always stationed here to preserve order, the first object we beheld was an altar built against the wall. Above it hung an almost indistinguishable painting. Before it was a line of gilded lamps, and under these a smooth, white stone. "What is this?" we inquired in a whisper of our guide. "It is the Stone of Unction," he replied, "on which the body of Jesus was placed by Nicodemus to be anointed for burial." While we were looking at this slab, a Russian pilgrim crept up on his knees and carefully measured it with a string, amid repeated kisses.

THE STONE OF UNCTION.

"Why does he do that?" we queried.

"He is measuring it," was the reply, "in order to have his winding-sheet made of precisely the same dimensions." A few steps from this is the spot where the Mother of Jesus stood while the body of Christ was being anointed. Close by this was another shrine, known as the "Chapel of the Parted

Raiment." It is supposed to mark the precise spot where the garments of Jesus were by lot distributed among the Roman soldiers. It is the property of the Armenians. and has been recognized as sacred for six hundred years. Near this are other chapels, denoting, respectively, the places where Christ was crowned with thorns, where He

CHAPEL OF SCOURGING.

was scourged, where He was nailed to the Cross, where He appeared to Mary Magdalene after His Resurrection, and where the Roman Centurion stood, during the Crucifixion; and, finally, we were shown a stone in which are two impressions, said to have been made by the Saviour's wounded feet. We next descended a stairway, thirty feet in length, which led to the Chapel of St. Helena. This is the property of the Abyssinian Christians, and is revered by all the Christian sects; for here, it is said, Helena, the mother of Constantine, sat while directing the excavations which resulted in the finding of the Cross of Christ.

From this chapel we descended fifteen feet further, to reach what is said to be the identical place where, after persistent digging, the true Cross was brought to light, though it had been buried for three hundred years. The Empress Helena plays an important part in the history of Christianity. She was not merely the mother of the first Christian Emperor; she must also be called the mother of most of the church traditions which have had their origin in Palestine. Thus, in this particular spot, it is stated that she found all three of the crosses—those upon which hung the two thieves, as well as that of Christ. The problem was to know which was the sacred one. To settle this, they were all taken to the bedside of a devout woman who was very ill. When she beheld the first cross she became a raving maniac. They therefore tried the second one. Immediately she went into fearful spasms, and six strong men could hardly hold her. Naturally they were afraid to bring in the third cross. Still, as she seemed about to die, they agreed that the third could do no more than put her out of misery. Accordingly, they brought it in, and at once the afflicted woman was completely restored. The cross which cured her, therefore, was proclaimed to be the Cross of Christ.

A GREEK PRIEST.

A SYRIAN BISHOP.

In another part of the church is the Chapel of the Crucifixion, where one beholds what is alleged to be the very Rock of Calvary. In this is shown (at present bordered by a rim of gold) the rent made in its surface by the earthquake that occurred at the time of the Crucifixion. Nay, more than this, one can look down into the very hole in which the Cross is said to have been placed!

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Not far from here we saw the chapel said to contain the grave of our first parent, Adam. Every reader will recall the tear which Mark Twain here dropped in memory of our common ancestor; and to a rational mind nothing could seem more absurd than locating the grave of Adam near the site of Calvary. But we must bear in mind that, to a large proportion of mankind, only "seeing is believing." For fifteen hundred years the majority of pilgrims to the Holy Land, coming from the steppes of Russia, from the mountains of Syria, from Egypt, and even from Abyssinia, expected and demanded to see all the localities mentioned in the Bible. This demand inevitably created the supply, in order to satisfy those who probably needed some such tangible souvenirs to help them to appreciate and understand the life of Him

whom they were taught to reverence. Inspired by intense religious zeal, the early pilgrims and Crusaders must have gone about Jerusalem intoxicated with their own enthusiasm, and utterly undirected by a critical spirit of investigation. Hence, as years rolled by, the influence of tradition and antiquity gave to these places a sanctity which it is now almost impossible to disturb.

The tomb of Adam is the property of the Greeks, who are so proud of it that it is somewhat surprising that their discomfited rivals have not produced the grave of Mother Eve! As an instance of the sectarian jealousy that prevails here, it may be stated that the Greek Christians, in 1808, actually destroyed the authentic monuments of the Crusaders, Godfrey de Bouillon and King Baldwin I, for the sole reason that, if left here, the Latin Church, through some technicality, would claim the site. There is little doubt, moreover, that one of the causes of the Crimean War was the contentions of the Christian sects in Palestine — Russia supporting the Greek Church, and France defending the Latins.

INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

But of all places in this famous building, the most revered is the Holy Sepulchre. It is a little chapel, built of highly-colored limestone, twenty-six feet in length by eighteen feet in breadth. Though it has frequently fallen into ruin and been rebuilt (the present structure dates only from the year 1808), the

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SERVICE AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

these, thirteen belong to the Latins, thirteen to the Greeks, thirteen to the Armenians, and four to the Copts. This inner room is supposed to be the veritable rock-hewn tomb of Jesus, and on a platform, two feet high and six feet long, is a marble slab, which covers the rock on which the Saviour's lifeless body is said to have reposed. It has been worn as smooth as glass by the kisses of millions. I was allowed to remain here but a moment, since others were impatient for my place. Accordingly, returning to the body of the church, I looked attentively at those who stood in line, seeking admission to the Sepulchre. Of course, among so many nationalities there is great diversity, but there were many pilgrims whom I would rather not meet alone on a dark night. There is a saying in the Orient that the worst Moslems are the ones who have been in Mecca, and the worst Christians those who have seen Jerusalem. Still another proverb says: "If thy neighbor has made one pilgrimage, distrust him; if he has made two, make haste to sell thy house." We can the more readily believe this when we recall the scenes which take place around the Holy Sepulchre at every Easter festival. For then the miracle of the "Holy Fire," as it is called, may well make angels weep and all intelligent Christians shudder with disgust. The Roman

STREET NEAR THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

Catholic and Armenian Christians discarded this function three hundred years ago, denouncing it as a gross imposture; but the Greek Church still maintains it.

During the entire day and night before Easter the immense Church of the Holy Sepulchre is literally packed with pilgrims. They stand there for hours without food or drink, and gradually work themselves into a frenzy by shrieks and howls, and a monotonous wail of "*Hada-Kuba-Said-Na*"—"This is the Tomb of the Lord." Some of these enthusiasts have come thousands of miles to obtain the "sacred fire," and are determined to do so if it costs them their lives. Such persons, if they have not a good position, climb up on the shoulders of their weaker neighbors, and run on toward the Sepulchre on the heads of others, descending finally into the already compact mass in the midst of frightful confusion and violence.

RIOTING AT THE SEPULCHRE.

At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Greek Patriarch goes within the Sepulchre. There is now a period of breathless silence, almost appalling after all the pandemonium that has prevailed. Presently, nobody knows exactly why, it is rumored that the Holy Ghost has descended to the Sepulchre in a tongue of flame. A moment more, and four or five lighted torches are thrust out through the holes which perforate the chapel-walls. Language fails to depict

the scene that follows. Ten thousand men immediately contend like maniacs to get their tapers lighted. Twenty thousand arms leap forward toward the torches of the priests, like the leafless branches of a forest swayed by a tornado. Hysterical fanatics rush about, searing themselves with lighted tapers, as a kind of penance. Many are trampled under foot, and some are even crushed to death. On one occasion, three hundred pilgrims perished in the church. In 1895, until suppressed by the soldiers of the Sultan, two rival Christian factions fought here desperately.

It is a painful thought that Turkish guards must be stationed here to check the rioting and fighting of Christians. For, in their act of guardianship, they smile sarcastically at the so-called followers of the Prince of Peace. If He should once more appear upon Mount Zion, He would no doubt rebuke these poor misguided worshipers, by whom, perhaps, He would be murdered again, upon the site of His reputed grave! "Such" says Dean Stanley, "is the Greek Easter, the greatest moral argument against the identity of

TOMB OF DAVID.

the spot which it professes to honor. Considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, it is probably the most offensive imposture to be found in the world."

A JEWISH WOMAN.

The question which, above all others, suggests itself to the visitor to the Holy Sepulchre is, "Can we believe that this is the real burial-place of Jesus?" Sad as it is to think of such continued and wide-spread delusion, there is not, in the writer's opinion, any satisfactory proof that Christ was either crucified or buried within the precincts, or indeed in the immediate neighborhood, of this church. There is no need to enumerate here the vexed arguments for and against the belief; but one thing can be made quite clear in half-a-dozen sentences. The Gospels state that Christ was crucified and buried outside the city walls. But look from any eminence in Jerusalem and see how far in toward the centre of the city stands the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Can we suppose that the boundary lines of this illustrious capital in the period of its glory were narrower than they are to-day,—especially when the valleys which surround Jerusalem leave it but one direction for expansive growth? Besides this, the historical evidence in favor of the Holy Sepulchre is also unsatisfactory. It is remarkable that no description of the locality of the tomb of Jesus is given either by the Gospel writers, or by St. Paul, who visited Jerusalem at least twice after his conversion. Why was this? Undoubtedly because to them the death and burial of Christ were insignificant facts

POOL OF BETHESDA.

compared with His resurrection. The early Christians all believed that Jesus was to return before their generation passed away. They therefore gave no thought to the poor place wherein their Master's body had reposed for three days. They could have no conception of the centuries to come, in which man's reverence for sacred sites would lead him to seek out this sepulchre. Enough for them that Christ had risen from the grave and was to reappear at any moment in the clouds of Heaven.

GOLGOTHA.

Yet, while reflecting on the millions who have come to Palestine to see what they believed to be the actual sepulchre of the Son of God, we are forced to ask ourselves — Can it be possible that a delusion has exerted such a mighty influence in human history? But it was not the actual sepulchre (genuine or false) which revolutionized the minds of men, *it was the idea behind it*. The fact that Moslems held this land to the exclusion of Christ's followers, is what aroused the Christian world to take up arms, and led to Palestine the legions of the Cross. The one essential thing was the idea; for, as Napoleon truly said, "Imagination rules the world."

In the opinion of many students and travelers—including the writer of these pages,—the probable site of Calvary is a remarkably formed cliff, a little beyond the Damascus Gate, which from a distance bears a striking resemblance to a death's-head, with natural caverns in the rock suggestive of

eyeless sockets. Since the outlines of this hillock are to-day almost certainly what they were nineteen hundred years ago, it would not be strange if it had then been popularly called Golgotha, "the place of a skull." There evidently *was* a place so called, outside the city of Jerusalem, and the peculiar conformation of this knoll would justify the name to-day. It must always have been outside the walls, yet, from its nearness to the Damascus Gate, it would have been contiguous to one of the great thoroughfares to Jerusalem, so that "the passers by" could easily have "railed on him." Moreover, this skull-shaped cliff was then, as it is now, in a very conspicuous position; and the Saviour's form upon the Cross would have been plainly visible to the "people who stood beholding," and to the "women looking on afar off."

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

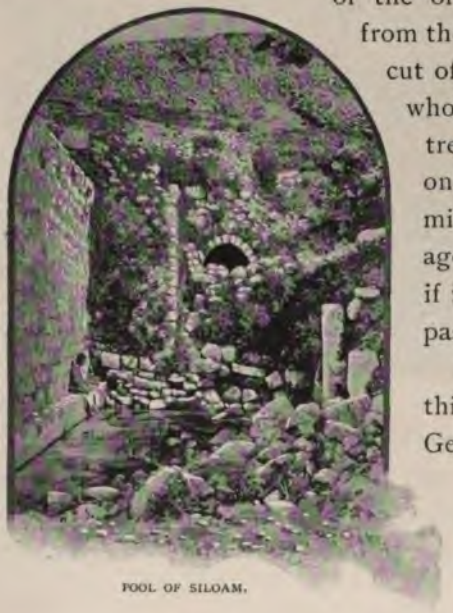
Of all the hills that rise around Jerusalem beyond the deep ravines, which form almost a circle about the city, the most profoundly interesting is, of course, the Mount of Olives. Passing from the uncertainties of the Holy Sepulchre, one looks on this with genuine satisfaction, for of its authenticity there can be no doubt. The eighteen centuries which have come and gone since Jesus was wont to retire to its slopes at eventide for prayer and contemplation, can have

made little difference in its form. It is true, the palm-trees that once flourished here, from which the exultant multitude plucked branches to adorn the path of Christ on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, have disappeared, and there are now few olive groves to justify its name; but it is nevertheless *the very hill* associated with so many thrilling scenes in the life of Christ. Probably, too, the general direction of the road that crosses it is the same as when the Saviour trod it on His way to Bethany. Moreover, at the foot of Olivet is a little area, enclosed in whitewashed walls. This is the reputed Garden of Gethsemane. The traveler may enter it, for courteous Franciscan monks are always in attendance. My first impression here was one of disappointment. The modern-looking pathways lined with flowers, the plants, and carefully trimmed hedges,—what had these to do with the historic Garden of Gethsemane? The conservatory in the corner, also, where the monks cultivate their choicest flowers, seemed painfully unsuited to a place whose principal characteristics were undoubtedly retirement and purely natural surroundings. But the monks maintain that to cultivate flowers here is certainly no sin, especially as every visitor buys some; while the fine olive-oil yielded by the trees, and the numerous rosaries manufactured from the olive-stones, are also sold at a high price. One must live, they argue, even upon the slopes of Olivet.

GETHSEMANE.

THE GARDEN.

Within this enclosure there are a number of old olive-trees, which are said to be the very ones within whose shadow Jesus knelt in spiritual anguish. But this is quite impossible. It is well known that both Titus and Hadrian, in their successive conquests of Jerusalem, cut down all the trees in its vicinity, and the Crusaders found this region well-nigh destitute of wood. Still, since it is characteristic of the olive to sprout repeatedly from the same roots, even though cut off at the ground, it is not wholly improbable that these trees have sprung from the ones beneath which on the midnight air were uttered the agonizing words: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!"



POOL OF SILOAM.

But can we believe that this is the exact locality of Gethsemane? We know, at least, that somewhere in this valley at the base of Olivet, and just

MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM.

MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM.

across the brook Kedron, was the secluded spot whither the Master came with His disciples after the Last Supper. But whether this is the *precise* location is uncertain. The Greeks, for example, have their Garden of Gethsemane a little farther up the hill, and are, of course, confident that theirs is the right one. To thoughtful and intelligent travelers it should be enough that somewhere in this limited area (the whole of which is, in a moment, open to the gaze) occurred that scene, whose narrative for over eighteen centuries has moved unnumbered listeners and readers to repentant tears.

When one seats himself in a retired portion of the Mount of Olives and looks out on the historic landscape, he realizes that it is the natural features and associations of the Holy Land that really give him pleasure. The life which consecrated these Judæan Hills may not have left a trace within the church of the Holy Sepulchre, but it has made each portion of the Mount of Olives consecrated ground. No part of Palestine is hallowed by so many memories of Jesus as this hill; for to its olive groves He often came to escape the noise and turmoil of the city, and here He uttered words familiar now to millions of our race. It was from Olivet that He gazed tenderly upon Jerusalem and wept

PLACE OF THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

as He foretold its doom. Here also, more than anywhere else on earth, He held communion with His Father, thus gaining strength and inspiration for His life and death; and we are told that on some portion of this hill, having conducted His disciples out toward Bethany, He gave to them His benediction and parted from them forever.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

Unfortunately, however, though there is surely enough material here for true religious sentiment, it by no means satisfies the average pilgrim. Upon the crest of Olivet, therefore, has been built the "Church of the Ascension." On entering this, we saw in the floor a small, rectangular space, surrounded by a marble coping. Pilgrims were prostrating themselves before it and kissing the pavement repeatedly. The cause was soon explained to us, for in the pavement is shown a slight irregularity, believed to be the imprint made by the right foot of Jesus as He left the earth.

THE FOOTPRINT.

This is an admirable illustration of Palestine, as *men* have made it. Practically disregarding the hill itself, which is unquestionably genuine, thousands of pilgrims prefer to crawl beneath an arch of masonry to worship so-called footprints in a stone! There are three kinds of travelers in the Holy Land. First, those who are wisely content to see the natural localities connected with the life of Christ, and therefore gain from Palestine the solemn inspiration of its priceless memories; secondly, those who lose themselves within the slough of superstition there; and thirdly, those who, thoroughly offended by the false, forget the value of the true, and ridicule it all.

BETHANY.

Just beyond the crest of Olivet lies the little village of Bethany. Its site is undoubtedly authentic, and we are sure beyond peradventure that it was over this same hill, and to this very place, that Jesus loved to come to find rest in the home of his friends, Lazarus, Martha and Mary. The most satisfactory thing, however, for the traveler to do here, is to survey from a distance the town and the surrounding hills whose contours have remained unchanged, and then to retire. For if he persists in going nearer, he will experience the usual disenchantment. The modern Bethany is a cluster of miserable huts, without a building which seems to be more than a century old. Nevertheless, a swarm of blear-eyed, ragged children greeted us here with cries of "Backsheesh, Backsheesh! Tombo Lazarus! Tombo Lazarus!" For not only are the ruins of the house of Martha and Mary pointed out, but also the tomb from which Lazarus is said to have come forth at the divine command.

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We were foolish enough to visit the so-called tomb; and descending by candle-light twenty-five slippery steps, we reached what seemed to have been originally the bottom of a well.

Again, therefore, at Bethany, as in so many other places in the Holy Land, we see that "the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." In a broad sense, Palestine is still the land of Jesus. In a narrow sense, it is not so at all. It is a pic-

TOMB OF THE VIRGIN.

ture of which only the grand outlines are satisfactory. It is sublime in its entirety, but tawdry in detail. Even supposing that the precise localities connected with the life and death of Christ are still capable of identification after the dreadful sieges and disasters that have come upon them, the question arises, Which guide or scholar should we follow of all who have written on Jerusalem? There are hardly two of them who do not fight each other fiercely, like ecclesiastical gladiators in an arena of uncertainty. The part of wisdom, therefore, in such a country, where almost every stone is made to indicate some sacred spot, which every other sect immediately disputes, is to fix one's gaze upon the unchanging natural features and draw from them the interest their unrivaled history inspires.

The religion of Jesus, which still lives in the hearts of millions, is not dependent on the existence of old sepulchres and shrines. Its essential monuments are not tombs, but characters; not perishable temples upon earth, but a city of God,

TOMB OF ABSALOM.

"not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Returning from Bethany and Olivet, and walking down the valley of the Kedron, beyond the reputed Tomb of the Virgin, we came upon a singular monument,— the greater part of which is a mass of solid rock, about twenty feet square, completely detached from the adjoining cliff. Within

AT THE BASE OF OLIVET.

it is a compartment, eight feet square, with spaces on the sides for two sarcophagi. Originally, it must have been imposing, for it is fifty feet in height, and was adorned with columns and a delicately sculptured frieze. As we were passing it, our guide picked up a stone and hurled it at the monument, spitting meantime upon the ground and uttering a curse. "What are you doing?" we inquired: "what is the meaning of that heap of stones to which you have just added one?" He turned and spat again. "It is the tomb of Absalom," he said. In fact, both Jews and Moslems believe that

this surmounts the grave of David's disobedient son, and they take a singular delight in showing thus their detestation of treachery to a father.

Not far from this, we paused to notice on the side of Olivet two other monuments. One, like the tomb of Absalom, is an enormous block of stone hewn out of the adjoining cliff; the other is distinguished by a colonnade, behind which, in the hillside, is a kind of catacomb. Nothing is known with certainty about these sepulchres. The names assigned to them are based on no authority save that of vague tradition. But they, of course, must have some legendary history to satisfy the memento-craving pilgrim. Hence one is called the "Tomb of Zachariah;" the other, the "Grotto of St. James," from the belief that the Apostle James concealed himself there after the Crucifixion.

TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

We lingered here some time absorbed in thought; for although nothing is known of those who were originally buried here, one interesting fact gives to these tombs along the slope of Olivet a priceless value. It is that they were undoubtedly standing here at the time of Christ. Ruin, we know, soon overtook alike the glorious Temple and the buildings of the city, of which, as Holy Writ affirms, not one stone was to be left upon another; but these old rock-hewn sepulchres remain almost unchanged since Jesus walked beside them. Upon these very structures, therefore, He must have looked; and this fact gives to them a value shared,

ENTRANCE TO QUARRY.

with certainty, by nothing else of human workmanship in the world. Around them, for some distance, the hill is almost concealed under prostrate tombstones. They mark the burial-place of Jews who have by thousands toiled back to Jerusalem, content if finally their dust might mingle with the soil of their native land.

In our walks around Jerusalem we often found ourselves before huge openings in the hillsides. One of these is called the "Tombs of the Kings." Whether or not authentic names have been attached to them, certain it is that all the hills around Jerusalem are honey-combed with rock-hewn sepulchres of great antiquity. They are of every shape and size. Some have fine carvings chiseled in

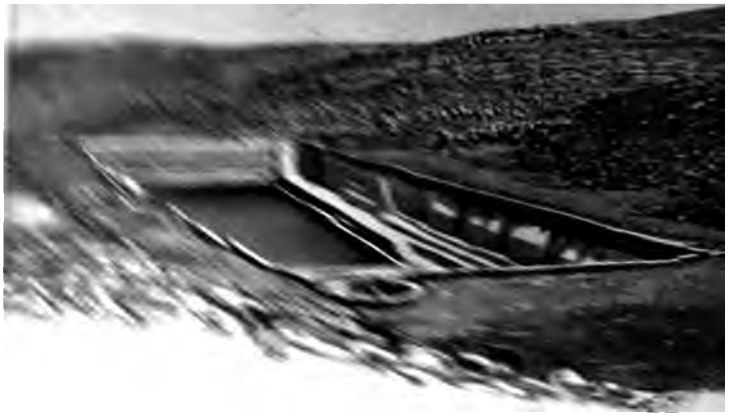
TENANTLESS SEPULCHRES.

THE GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.

the stone. The cost of making many of them proves that persons of great wealth or rank were buried here. Some of their entrances seem to have been closed by stone doors turning on socket-hinges, and fastened by bolts on the inside. Strangely enough, no inscriptions tell the names of their former inmates or even the dates of their entombment, and now the sepulchres are tenantless alike of earthly treasure and of human dust.

POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

But sepulchres are not the only excavations in these hills. Among them are the royal quarries, where architects obtained the enormous blocks of limestone for the walls and Temple of Jerusalem. The evidence is abundant that skilful stone-cutters once labored in these rock-hewn labyrinths, and that in many instances the blocks were carried forth, all carved and ready for their appointed place. This, therefore,



ing four million gallons of water; but this too is in bad repair, the bottom is covered with vegetable mold, and since it is surrounded by houses, the water it contains is often foul. Few people use it, save for washing purposes; but, in summer, when there is a scarcity of water in Jerusalem, the poorer classes sometimes drink it with evil consequences.

The Pool of Bethesda is in a still worse condition, since it has no water at all, is largely filled with rubbish, and even

POOL OF GIHON.

receives the drainage from the neighboring dwellings. It is a melancholy illustration of decadence that the city of Solomon, which was three thousand years ago abundantly supplied with water, and boasted of its pools of Gihon, Solomon and Siloam, is now chiefly dependent upon private wells and cisterns.

No visit to Jerusalem would be complete that did not include an inspection of some of the places of transcendent interest, lying within a radius of a few miles of the Holy City,—Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, Mar Saba, Bethlehem, and Hebron. Excursions to these localities may be

easily made on horseback, even by ladies unaccustomed to that form of exercise; and, on a journey thither, the nights spent in water-proof tents, carpeted with rugs and furnished with every needed comfort, are among the pleasantest memories of a tour in Palestine. The distance from Jerusalem to Jericho, as the crow flies, is only thirteen miles. Few routes, however, are more precipitous and rough; for the Plain of Jericho is thirty-six hundred and twenty feet lower than Mount Zion. Moreover, the road is still so dangerous that one is even more likely now, than in the time of the Good Samaritan, to fall among thieves in making the journey. The traveler's safety, therefore, lies in being openly robbed at the start, by purchasing protection from the Bedouins who practically levy blackmail on all tourists. There is, however, honor among thieves; and the Arab tribes that inhabit the hill-country of Judæa agree not to molest the traveler, if one of their chiefs has been retained by a sufficient fee.

A BEDOUIN.

When I first looked upon the distant Plain of Jericho from the mountains east of Jerusalem, it appeared remarkably beautiful, and I could understand why it had once been called the "Garden of the World," and Jericho itself the "City of Palms." In fact, palms are known to have been in

THE DEAD SEA.

existence here as late as the time of the Crusaders, who also found under them some lovely flowers, which they called "Jericho roses."

But, with the exception of the site of Ephesus, in Asia Minor, it would be difficult to find a more impressive contrast between past magnificence and present squalor than at Jericho. Its history has been eventful. It was the first city conquered by the Jews when they entered Palestine, fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ; and from that time, for nearly twenty centuries, it was noted for its wealth and luxury. Under the Roman conquerors of Syria it was rebuilt, and Antony, who for the sake of Cleopatra had "madly flung a world away," gave Jericho to that enchantress of the Nile, as her special property, as one might offer to one's love a costly gem. Its palm-girt and well-irrigated plain was made world-famous by its palaces, gardens and amphitheatres, and here the Roman governor, Herod, died. When Christ passed through it on His last journey to Jerusalem, it was at the height of its splendor and prosperity,—but to-day, of all its opulence not a trace remains. Some wretched huts clinging, like barnacles, to the Moslem tower called the House of Zacchæus, are all that now remain to hint to us that this was once inhabited by man, and the occupants of these hovels are the most repulsive and degraded inhabitants of Syria.

JERICHO.

Not far from Jericho, a short ride brings the traveler to the River Jordan. It is by no means an imposing stream,

being here only about thirty or forty feet wide, and as muddy as the Tiber. The current is impetuous, and dangerous for bathers, unless they are expert swimmers. A considerable number of pilgrims are drowned in it every year, and we saw one dead body caught in the bushes on the opposite shore.

A MIDDAY MEAL IN PALESTINE.

Thousands of Christian pilgrims come annually, especially at Easter time, to bathe in the sacred stream; each sect having a different bathing-place, which each affirms to be the exact spot where Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist. On the occasions of these pilgrimages, the Turkish Government guarantees, as it has done for centuries, the protection of the Christians from the Bedouins. To most of the pilgrims to the Holy Land baptism, or even a bath, in the Jordan is one of the most sacred and important events of their lives, and they religiously cherish the robes in which they have been immersed, to serve ultimately as their winding-sheets. Most of them also take back to their homes bottles filled with water from the sacred river. The Jordan has been sometimes praised as being beautiful and limpid, and such perhaps it may be in the earlier portion of its course, but we agreed that we had never seen a stream more desolate and dreary. One might imagine that it has a presentiment here of the awful fate which

awaits it close at hand, of being stifled in the brine of the Dead Sea. Swift and sullen, it here rolls through a land of desolation to a sea of death.

The first glimpse of the Dead Sea, as we descended toward it from the site of Jericho, was a great surprise. It seemed to us as fair a sheet of bright green water as we had ever looked upon, and it sparkled in the sunlight like a limpid lake. Could it be possible, we asked ourselves in astonishment, that this was the Dead Sea? When we arrived at its shore, however, there was no longer any doubt. It was the climax of the dreary plain over which we had come. There

THE JORDAN.

was no sail upon its surface, no sign of life within its waves. Some shrub-like vegetation fringed the shore, but that, like everything else in the vicinity, was covered with a white, salt crust, and looked as if it had been smitten with leprosy, while branches of dead trees, brought hither by the Jordan,

lay on the sterile shore like the distorted limbs of monsters that had died in agony.

The Dead Sea fills the deepest depression known on the surface of the earth, and is sunk, like a monstrous cauldron, between mountains three and four thousand feet in height. It is nearly four thousand feet below the city of Jerusalem, which is only twenty miles away, and thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

GUIDES.

We found its atmosphere even in mid-winter extremely sultry; and in summer, after long months of exposure to the full power of the sun, it must be almost unendurable. Of course, we tried a bath in its waters. It was a singular experience. To go beyond one's depth one must wade out to a great distance. In doing so, however, there is no danger, as it is impossible for a person to sink, so saline is the water. We found it even hard to swim, owing to the difficulty of keeping our feet under water. At every stroke we found that we were merely kicking the air. It might be possible to dive, but we preferred that some one else should make the experiment, for the salty ingredients are disagreeable enough upon the skin, without allowing them to enter one's eyes, nose and mouth. On coming out from the bath, our sensations can best be described by saying that we felt as if we had been immersed in mucilage.

The Dead Sea is the Greek, and comparatively modern, epithet applied to this vast lake. The Hebrews called it the Salt Sea. As is well-known, it has no outlet, and all the water which it receives from the Jordan and other streams is carried off by evaporation. This alone might not explain its extraordinary saltness, which is nearly seven times greater than that of the ocean; but to this there is added another reason, in the fact that at one end of it is a salt deposit, several miles long. Great as is the depression of the surface, its own depth is also enormous, being in one place no less than thirteen hundred feet.

From the Dead Sea our route led upward through the wilderness of Judæa. Neither words nor views can adequately represent the desolation of this frightful area, seamed with a thousand sterile gorges. Even the Sahara is less dreary. The African desert has a certain beauty in its boundless sweep of sand, now level as the surface of a tranquil sea, now rising into gently rolling waves. But the Judæan wilderness is a series of absolutely barren and appalling mountains, divided from each other by great chasms, flanked with frowning precipices, as if the country had been gashed and scarred by demons. It would be like a horrible nightmare to think of being lost in these Judæan cañons,

THE WILDERNESS OF JUDÆA.

THE CELL OF SAINT SABA.

where every drop of water is drained away, every vestige of vegetation has vanished, and nothing is visible but yellow, burning sand and rocks. Birds, beasts and men shun the region, as if smitten of God. It was in this wilderness that Jesus is supposed to have fasted forty days; and it is difficult to imagine any one, human or divine, doing anything else in such a place. From the earliest centuries of Christianity ascetics and anchorites have resorted to this wilderness for fasting and prayer, and one old monastery still remains, clinging, as it has done for ages, to the barren rocks. It is the monastery of Mar Saba. From the precipitous cliff, on which it hangs like a wasp's nest, one can

MONASTERY OF MAR SABA.

APPROACH TO BETHLEHEM.

drop a stone more than a thousand feet into the sombre depths of a chasm. Here, in the fourth century after Christ, the monk, Saint Saba, came to live in solitude and spend his days in prayer. Eventually hundreds followed him, and made for themselves homes in the recesses of this frightful gorge. At last, for mutual preservation from starvation

BETHLEHEM.

and protection from the Bedouins, this monastery rose, strong as a fortress, and almost as substantial as the cliffs themselves. Sentinels are always on duty at its iron gate, through which alone an entrance can be gained. We were admitted only when our dragoman had satisfied those within as to who we were. Never can I forget the night spent at Mar Saba. The rock-hewn rooms in which we lodged, the bell that called the monks to midnight prayer and rang out weirdly on the desert air, and the pity inspired by the lonely ascetic life of these poor monks,— made the few hours passed in this Judæan monastery among the most impressive of my life.

Leaving Mar Saba early the next morning, we gradually rode up from the wilderness, and far on in the day beheld, framed in a mass of old gray olive trees illumined by the setting sun, a village which we knew was Bethlehem. Surely if any place on earth should breathe of peace and good-will to mankind, it is this town of David, consecrated by the birth of Christ. But, alas! the reception given us was anything but peaceful. A veritable mob of beggars and street venders swarmed out to meet us on the road, and, in an uproarious babel of strange tongues they thrust upon us rosaries, crosses, beads, stars, canes and numberless other trinkets, all of which they declared were sacred, since they had rested on the Star of the Nativity. Our dragoman did not hesitate to strike a number of these hawkers with his whip, and I remember seeing one of them receive a cut across the face which must have disfigured him for many a day.

It is said that the inhabitants of Bethlehem are the fiercest and most lawless of any in Judæa, and that in riots and other disturbances they are invariably the ringleaders. Our own experience was sufficiently depressing, and, even now, it is impossible for any of our party to recall Bethlehem without the remembrance of that noisy

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

and persistent mob, whose vociferations were still ringing in our ears as we finally hastened through the door, and entered the Church of the Nativity. It is an enormous edifice, consisting of a church and three convents, belonging respectively to the Latins, the Greeks, and the Armenians. Here, as in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, every spot that can be thought of in connection with the birth of Jesus is pointed out. Thus we were shown the place where the three wise men knelt, to give their presents to the new-born child. This is marked by a marble slab, and is surmounted by a painting representing the scene. Near this is the spot where the horses of the Magi were fed; the place where Joseph stood; the place where the ass was tethered; the "Milk Grotto," where Mary nursed her child; and even the locality where twelve thousand of the infants slain by the order of Herod were buried. But these of course do not vie in sanctity with the spot where it is said the Saviour of the world was born. That is called the Chapel of the Nativity, and was evidently once a cave. Believers in its authenticity maintain that it was at that time used as a stable, and was situated below the little caravansary, from which the Holy Family was excluded because "there was no room for them in the inn." Its walls

CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.

are now of marble, and a silver star in the pavement marks the place where the manger stood.

There is this to be said in favor of the genuineness of the site of the Nativity: the tradition in regard to it is far older than the time of Constantine and his mother, Helena.

WOMAN OF BETHLEHEM.

Early in the second century the place of Jesus' birth was affirmed to have been a cave close to the village of Bethlehem. The Empress Helena caused a church to be erected there, some portions of which still exist. Hence, it is the oldest existing Christian sanctuary in the world; and it is a touching fact that the Crusader, Baldwin I, when made King of Jerusalem, refused to wear a crown of gold in the city where his Lord and Master had been crowned with thorns, and therefore selected this church in Bethlehem, rather than Jerusalem, for the place of his coronation.

Close by the Chapel of the Nativity, and covered by the roof which canopies them both, is the tomb of Saint Jerome; and beside it we were shown the cavern in which that venerable father labored and prayed for more than thirty years. Here he achieved his immortal work of translating the Scriptures into the Latin tongue, and here also he wrote no less than one hundred and fifty epistles, sixteen theological treatises, and thirteen volumes of commentaries. And finally, here occurred the touching incident which has been

GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY.

immortalized by Domenichino, in his painting entitled "The Last Communion of Saint Jerome."

From Bethlehem our route led on, a few miles farther, to Hebron, the earliest seat of civilization in Palestine, and one of the oldest cities in the world. Here Abraham resided; here he received the three celestial visitors, and here his tomb

PILGRIMS AT BETHLEHEM.

is to this day. Hebron was also David's capital for the first seven years of his reign, till he transferred the seat of his sovereignty to Jerusalem. It is, accordingly, gratifying to find in a town of such antiquity some relics of the past whose genuineness cannot be questioned, although their age surpasses that of all the other genuine memorials of Bible characters. To see these with safety, as soon as we arrived in Hebron, we made arrangements with the chief of the community, Sheik Hamza. He did not look like one possessing much authority. In one hand he held a pipe to solace his old age, while with the other he grasped a knotty stick,

which served him in turn as a sceptre and an instrument of discipline. The favor of this Sheik is, nevertheless, quite essential, for the Arabs of the place are noted for their hatred of all unbelievers; and the old spirit of intolerance, which once prevailed throughout the whole of Palestine and made the entrance of a Christian to the Mosque of Omar an impossibility, still burns in Hebron bosoms undiminished by the lapse of years.

SHEIK HAMZA.

Properly protected, however, we made our way without difficulty to one of Hebron's famous relics,—its ancient reservoir of water, constructed of huge blocks of carefully hewn stone. Accustomed, as we were, to find fictitious names and dates assigned to almost everything in Palestine, it startled us to learn that this reservoir was probably built in the time of David, three thousand years ago. Such, at all events, is the opinion of most archæologists; for cisterns like this and the celebrated "Pools of Solomon" were absolutely essential even in earliest times in a land like Palestine. Built with such solidity, they could last for centuries, and repairs, when needed, could be easily made without disturbing the original site. The Bible states that David put to death within this town the murderers of the son of Saul, and hung their lifeless bodies by the Pool of Hebron. It may, therefore, be surmised that, since no trace of other ruined reservoirs has been discovered anywhere in this vicinity, this is the identical basin described

But of far greater interest than this Pool of Hebron is an object now enclosed by the massive walls of a Moslem mosque. The Christian traveler may survey their exterior at a respectful distance, but if he places the slightest value on his life, he should not try to enter the enclosure. Beneath the mosque, which these high battlements surround, there is a cave. It is the cavern of Machpelah, which Abraham, on the death of his wife Sarah, purchased as a family burial-place, nearly four thousand years ago. Here he himself was also buried; and, later on, within this cave were laid

POOL OF HEBRON.

to rest Isaac and Jacob, with their wives,—Jacob's body having, at the patriarch's request, been brought from Egypt to be placed here by the side of his wife, Leah. Moreover, since it was embalmed, after the manner of Egyptians, his features probably remain well-nigh intact to-day.

It is humiliating to admit that neither Jew nor Christian can to-day stand beside the tombs in which repose the founders of the Hebrew nation. But such is the fact; for the Mohammedans guard with jealous reverence the tomb of Abraham, for whom their name is "The Friend of God." It is a singular coincidence that such a title should be given him by Moslems, for in the Epistle of St. James we read these words: "Abraham believed God, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness: and he was called the Friend of God." Of course, no illustrations of the tombs themselves can be obtained so long as such restrictions exist; but one may view at least the entrance to the patriarch's sepulchre, guarded by solid masonry and iron bars. By a special firman from Constantinople, in 1862, the Prince of Wales was admitted here, attended by Dean Stanley. In 1866, a similar favor was accorded to the Marquis of Bute; and three years after to the Crown Prince of Prussia, the late Emperor Frederick. One can imagine, therefore, what chance there is for ordinary tourists to enter.

ABRAHAM'S OAK — HEBRON.

According to the accounts of those who came here with these princely visitors, the tombs of Abraham, Sarah, Jacob, and Leah are in separate apartments lined with marble and approached through silver gates. The place of honor, in the

THE BANISHMENT OF HAGAR.

centre, is occupied by the tomb of Isaac. Between the tombs of Abraham and Isaac is a circular opening; and it appears probable that the structures which are seen are merely modern cenotaphs, the actual sepulchres being in a subterranean cavern at a still lower depth. The floor of the enclosure is covered to some depth with pieces of paper, which represent the accumulations of centuries. They are written petitions to Abraham, which pious Moslems have dropped through an aperture above.

"Is this the real cave of Machpelah?" we inquired. "Can this be the actual tomb which Abraham acquired forty centuries ago, with all the formality and care revealed in the description given of that bargain in the Book of Genesis?" It seems at first incredible; but there are many arguments in favor of its genuineness. In the first place, a tomb like this, cut from the solid rock, would (if not purposely destroyed) endure as long as the surrounding hills. Again, since Abraham was a distinguished man, and a powerful leader at the time of his death, it was at once revered as an especially sacred burial-place, the sanctity of which increased as time went by. Neither Jews nor Christians, Arabs nor Crusaders, have ever shown the slightest disposition to disturb the graves of those illustrious dead. In fact, the evidence is so remarkably complete that few, if any, are disposed to question it. Undoubtedly, the time

CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

will come when the exclusion practiced by the Moslems will be overruled, and this extraordinary relic of antiquity will be thrown open to Christian eyes and thoroughly explored. But even now, the fact that Hebron holds the cavern of Machpelah, in which four thousand years ago were buried the great patriarchs of the Hebrew race, gives to this region of Judæa a unique importance and undying fame.

WOMAN AND CHILD — HEBRON.

Our visit to Hebron naturally recalled to us that lovely painting in the Dresden Gallery, portraying Hagar driven from the house of Abraham, and going forth with her child Ishmael to live and die in exile. How little did the patriarch think, when he reluctantly consented to that sad expulsion, that the descendants of the outcast Hagar would for a thousand years exclude the offspring of her rival Sarah from all access to his tomb! Yet so it is. The rock-hewn sepulchres of Abraham and Isaac have been for centuries protected by the sons of Ishmael.

Filled with the memories awakened by the patriarchs' graves, on our return to Jerusalem we visited one of its most impressive features. It is an ancient wall, consisting largely of huge blocks of stone, which once formed part of the old Hebrew temple. This to the Jews is by far the most sacred portion of the city. What matters it to them that Christian sects wrangle or worship round the Holy Sepulchre, or that Mohammedans kneel in prayer within the Mosque of Omar? They know that these colossal fragments of the time of Solomon antedate by a thousand years even the oldest of all such

memorials. Here, every Friday, century after century, the wretched exiles from Mount Zion have come to kiss or bathe with tears these relics of their former glory. Now they are free to do so; but in past ages they have paid enormous sums to their oppressors for this miserable privilege.

It is a most pathetic instance of a nation's grief. No one who has a particle of sympathy with human sorrow can gaze upon that sight without emotion. For, while some read aloud from the Old Testament words which describe the splendor of the Hebrew monarchy, others moan and sob, and beat their trembling hands against the wall. Their grief is evidently genuine, for I saw tears on many a cheek, especially when such plaintive passages from Holy Writ as these were read: "How hath the Lord cast down from heaven to earth the beauty of Israel! How is the gold become dim and the most fine gold changed! Our holy and our beautiful house, wherein our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire. We are become a scorn and a derision to our neighbors. Oh, Lord! behold, we are Thy people. Remember not our iniquity forever. Oh! let Thy tender mercies speedily redeem us! We are brought very low."

JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

What wonder that they mourn? For nineteen dreary centuries their history has been one almost uninterrupted tragedy. Scattered throughout the world, scorned of all nations, they have been forced to suffer every form of persecution

which men have been sufficiently cruel and ingenious to invent. Words fail to depict their sufferings. To torture, rob and exile them, the despotism of a hundred kings has been exhausted. They have been bought and sold as slaves. The plague which devastated Europe in the Middle Ages was ascribed to them, with horrible results. In France, throughout whole provinces, every Jew was burned. In Germany, too, their history for centuries is a hideous chronicle of human cruelty. Even in England their persecution, sketched in outline by Sir Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe*, is nothing to the lurid picture which he might have drawn.

JEWISH LADY AND MAID.

As for Spain, no land in the world has equaled this, the birthplace of the Inquisition, in wreaking cruel wrath on the unoffending Jew. Many were here buried alive. In one year, in Seville alone, two hundred and eighty are said to have perished in the flames. Hebrews themselves consider their terrible expulsion from Spain a misfortune equaled only by the ruin of their Temple. We shudder at the brutal policy of Russia toward the Jews to-day, but let us not forget that all other Christian nations, except free America, have acted in a similar way when they had reached Russia's present stage of civilization. In the thirteenth century, all Jews were banished from Great Britain and their property was seized. In 1390 they were expelled from France; and in 1492, the very year which witnessed the discovery of America by Columbus, they were cast forth from Spain, where they had lived protected by the Moors for six hundred

JEWISH PLACE OF LAMENTATION.

years, to wander through the world as hated exiles, and frequently to perish of starvation or by the slower agony of the slave-whip. If received at all in many Christian cities, they were hived in certain limited districts, like the Ghetto at Rome. Moreover, by a refinement of torture, Jewish children under fourteen years of age were taken from their parents, and retained in Spain and Portugal to be brought up as Christians, so that, in their madness, Hebrew mothers would sometimes murder their own offspring and then commit suicide. And why was all this misery inflicted on the Hebrew race? Because the Jews were said to have crucified Jesus. But as a matter of fact the Jews did not crucify Jesus. It was the Romans who scourged Him, put the crown of thorns upon His brow, and finally nailed Him to the cross. True, the Jews solicited His death. But how many of them? Only a priestly sect in Jerusalem. Is it fair to condemn an entire people for the sins of a few, and above all to persecute their innocent descendants after hundreds of years have come and gone? That would be a dangerous precedent to establish! According to that, we ought to persecute the Greeks for causing Socrates to drink the hemlock; the Italians, because so many martyrs were thrown to the lions in the Roman Colosseum; the Florentines for burning Savonarola; the English for the flames of Smithfield; the Spaniards for the horrors of the Inquisition.

ZION GATE, JERUSALEM.

The Jews are not the only people who have rejected and put to death their teachers and reformers. Such conduct is

as old as history. In any case, what right have certain nations (themselves not without sin) to act as executioners? "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Does it seem credible, therefore, in view of the fact that Christian baptism has usually offered to the Jew an avenue of escape from all these horrors, that after nineteen hundred years of such calamitous persecution, one genuine Hebrew can be left who has not exchanged his faith for the religion of his tyrants? Even in Russia, now, a Jew may rid himself of many restrictions by becoming a Christian. Here, indeed, is the marvel of it all,—the miracle of history,—that in direct opposition to all motives of self-interest, the Jews not only have remained, but still remain, sublimely loyal to their fathers' faith. Nothing has shaken or divided them. They have survived the empires which sought to destroy them. Without a country, without a common, living language, and without one political bond of union, they nevertheless exist to-day a perfectly distinct and indestructible race, exulting in their glorious past!

A MERCHANT.

And what a past is theirs! We need not dwell upon the fact that they have given to mankind the Bible; that the sublimest of religious prophecies, and the most eloquent of sacred songs, were written by the Jews. We need not even elaborate the startling truth that from Judæa have come forth the three religions which so influence the race—Juda-

ism, Christianity, and Islamism. Let all that for a moment go, while we consider later history. Through the darkness of the Middle Ages, when most of Europe lay in densest ignorance, the Jews still held aloft the torch of learning. They (with the Moors) were then the scholars of the world. From their ranks came the ablest financiers, the profoundest philosophers, and the most remarkable physicians. And even now, despite their persecution, the influence of their race is still paramount in Jerusalem.

A short time ago a band of wretched Jewish refugees from Russia landed on the Syrian coast. They were well-nigh starving, and tottering from weakness. Babes were dying at their mothers' breasts. They were rescued by means of the Hebrew colonial fund, and finally proceeded toward the shrine of their race —Jerusalem.

RUSSIAN CHURCH — OLIVET.

Before them rose the magnificent Russian church built on the Mount of Olives, perhaps upon the very place where Jesus uttered the words: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Imagine those Jewish exiles, to whom the very name, "Russia," was synonymous with torture, looking on that gilded shrine and asking: "Who are the people worshiping in that church,—Jews?"—and receiving the answer: "No, Russians, worshiping a Jew!" "Who are the thousands praying in the

church of the Holy Sepulchre,—Jews?" "No, Christians, worshiping Jesus of Nazareth!" "Who are the hundreds kneeling in the Mosque of Omar,—Jews?" "No, Moslems, praying there because it is hallowed by the memory of Hebrew patriarchs."

GAMBETTA.

Truly, the Jew, persecuted though he be, may smile in triumph; for wherever he looks about him in Palestine, from the undoubted tomb of Abraham to the reputed sepulchre of Jesus, he sees the followers of Christ and Mohammed all zealously guarding memorials of his own race. And what must be his secret pride, when he reflects that every word of the Christian Bible was written by Jews, that the Moslem Bible, the Koran, is founded on the Jewish faith, and that the entire Christian world worships Jesus of Nazareth as divine, and a vast proportion of it also reverences a Jewish woman as the Mother of the Son of God!

In a place so thronged with classic and religious memories as Palestine, even a man who has no Hebrew blood in his veins may indulge in a dream regarding the future of this extraordinary people. Suppose a final solution of the "Eastern Question." Suppose the nations of the earth to be assembled in council, as they were in Berlin a few years ago. Suppose the miserably governed realm of the Sultan to be diminished in size. Imagine some portions of it to be governed by various European powers, as Egypt is governed by England at the present time. Conceive that those Christian nations, moved by magnanimity, should say to this race which they, or their ancestors, have persecuted so long: "Take again the land of your forefathers. We guarantee you its independence and integrity. It is the least that we can do

for you after all these centuries of misery. All of you will not wish to go thither, but many will. At present Palestine supports only six hundred thousand people, but, with proper cultivation it can easily maintain two and a half millions. You are a people without a country; there is a country without a people. Be united. Fulfil the dreams of your old poets and patriarchs. Go back,—go back to the land of Abraham."

But were this dream realized, could the Jews become a nation? They certainly have produced great statesmen. Who does not recollect Gambetta, that indefatigable hero of the French nation after its terrible defeat by Germany? He was a Jew. So was Count Von Arnim, the German diplomat. So was Lasker, the liberal leader of the Prussian parliament, the only man in that assembly whom Bismarck really feared. Jews were some years ago the Mayors of the principal cities of England, including London; while, in less than a century after their political disabilities had been removed in England, the Premier of the Queen's dominions, the virtual sovereign of the British empire, was the Hebrew, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. You recollect that when he was taunted once in Parliament with being a Jew, he rose and answered: "Yes, I am a Jew, but let me remind the honorable gentleman that, when his ancestors were savages on the banks of the Thames, mine were princes in Solomon's temple!"

DISRAELI.

What have they done in modern literature?

The most eloquent orator and the most brilliant writer in Spain, Emilio Castelar, is a Hebrew.

The majority of the professorial chairs in Germany are occupied by Jews. Two-thirds of the journalism of Europe to-day is said to be controlled by Hebrews. Out of three hundred and seventy authors in the Austrian Empire, two hundred and twenty-five are Jews. The poet Heine was of Hebrew descent; so was the German novelist, Auerbach. And the Hebrew Spinoza was the father of modern philosophy.

In art and music it is the same. Once give the Jew a chance, and he springs into the front rank of his competitors; the splendid genius of the race leaping into flame like a row of lights, when the torch is passed along the line. Thus Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, was a Hebrew. So were the famous actresses Rachel and Janauschek. So is that woman of surpassing histrionic genius, Sarah Bernhardt. It is impossible to enumerate all the musicians found among the Jews, but we may mention Moscheles, Wieniawski, Joachim, and Rubenstein, as well as the mighty composers, Halévy, Rossini, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

CASIMIR.

How is it in finance?

Here they are unrivaled. The Jews are the bankers of the world. The banking business of the Austrian empire is managed by Hebrews, who could foreclose and ruin many of the nobles who in society treat them with disdain. The principal banker of Prussia is the Hebrew, Bleichröder; while the Jewish house of the Rothschilds controls the diplomacy of empires.

The [illegible] we know, are often reproached with being mer[illegible]rs, and with doing little or nothing in indus-

trial or pastoral pursuits. But why is this? Because until recently everywhere, and even now in certain portions of the world, the Jews have not been allowed to own a foot of soil, or to enter any manufacturing guilds. Accordingly, being restricted to finance, they have taken their revenge by managing the money commerce of the world.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

Again, the Jews are often blamed because of their fondness for gems. But for centuries they were compelled to carry their wealth in that portable and easily secreted form, since, whenever suspected of having property, they usually escaped having their teeth pulled, or their nails drawn out by the roots, only by yielding it up to their persecutors.

We all dislike the petty avarice of small Jewish traders, but let us in charity remember that they are but exhibiting the traits that centuries of persecution have ground into them.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

BARON HIRSCH.

The death of that grand benefactor of his race, Sir Moses Montefiore, reminded us of another characteristic of the Jews,—their philanthropy. He was so well known for his benevolence, that on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth (in 1884), he received the homage of the civilized world; and he it was who first proposed the scheme of rescuing his persecuted brethren and forming them into well managed colonies in various countries. This scheme was ably seconded by his successor in benevolence, the late Baron Hirsch, whose charity was on a scale unprecedented in the

annals of philanthropy, for he gave fifteen million dollars for the relief of his outcast co-religionists! Russian tyranny, therefore, colossal though it was, encountered Jewish charity more colossal still. The first exemplified the record of a down-trodden race; the second stood for justice and humane treatment in the years to come. We cannot doubt which of these forces will finally overcome the other, under the influence of Him who in His earthly life was born of a Jewish mother and was to all intents and purposes a Jew. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, perhaps some reader of these words may say: "It is all true, but—we do not like the Jew!" But shall we not take a broader and kindlier view than that? Rising above individual likes and dislikes, let us ask ourselves if it is, or ever has been, consistent for Christian nations to oppress and despise the people who gave to them their patriarchs, their prophets, their Bible, their religion and their Saviour. Nearly nineteen centuries have come and gone since Jesus died upon the cross. Surely it is time for His teachings of charity and the brotherhood of man to prevail among his followers. For—

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth:
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea:
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

EGYPT

EGYPT

LANDS that have made or witnessed history possess peculiar fascination; and when to their historical qualities are added those of the mysterious and the beautiful, their charm is boundless, for then they touch the realm of the imagination, that is to say, the infinite.

Egypt in these respects is unsurpassed. Historically, she is the eldest born of Time; the mother of all subsequent civilizations; the longest lived among the nations of the earth; the teacher of art, philosophy, and religion before Greece and Rome were born. When everywhere else rude huts and primitive tents were mankind's highest forms of

AN EGYPTIAN LANDSCAPE.

architecture, Egypt was rearing her stupendous pyramids and temples, which still remain the marvel of the world.

It stirs the blood merely to read the names of the great actors in that mighty drama of the past, whose theatre was

the valley of the Nile. For Egypt is the land of Rameses and the Pharaohs; of Joseph and of Moses; of Alexander the Great and the Ptolemies; of Cæsar, Antony, and Cleopatra,—a land beside whose awful ruins the Colosseum of

HARBOR OF ALEXANDRIA.

Rome, the Parthenon of Athens, and even the Temple of Jerusalem, are the productions of yesterday.

But Egypt is also a land of mystery. Her history goes back so far that it is finally lost in the unknown, as the Nile Valley gradually gives place to the sands of the Sahara. Her very origin appears at first miraculous. For Egypt has been literally built up by that mysterious river whose sources have, till recently, perplexed and baffled all explorers for five thousand years. Her situation also is unique,—a palm-girt path of civilization walled in by two deserts. Silence broods over her. Solemnity environs her. She is a land in which the dead alone are great: a temple of antiquity, whose monuments are the eternal Pyramids and Sphinx. Her glory is secure beyond the possibility of loss, embalmed in art and literature like her mummied kings.

What wonder, then, that standing on the shadowy threshold of prehistoric times, Egypt still charms us by the irresistible attraction of undying fame? What marvel that her vast antiquity and changeless calm possess a power, like that of fabled Lethe, to render us forgetful of the feverish excitements of the western world, and from her silent and enduring monuments to teach us the littleness of gods and men?

Alexandria is the front door of Egypt, as Suez, on the Red Sea, is its portal from the rear. Through this historic

CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.

city of the Mediterranean the tide of Occidental travel every winter ebbs and flows as surely as the rise and fall of the majestic Nile. Unlike the rest of Egypt, however, Alexandria lacks the flavor of remote antiquity. A century ago

a traveler said of it that it resembled an orphan child, who had inherited from his father nothing but his name. Hence it is hard to realize, when one stands within its walls to-day, that twenty centuries ago Alexandria ranked among the largest and most brilliant cities in the world, and was the principal emporium of the East, receiving the products of interior Africa, Arabia, and India, and forwarding them to all other sections of the Roman empire, till the astonished Cæsars half believed the assertion that the Alexandrians possessed the power of making gold. This city was, moreover, for centuries the principal seat of Grecian learning; and here St. Mark is said to have proclaimed the Gospel, with the result that Alexandria finally became the intellectual stronghold of Christianity.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Nor can the tourist forget that this was the favorite city of two conquerors, unrivaled in their way,—the first, its earliest ruler, Alexander; the second, its last queen, the peerless Cleopatra. One subdued empires; the other conquered hearts; for who can think of Alexandria without recalling how the "Enchantress of the Nile" here captivated the world's conqueror, Julius Cæsar, and subsequently made the great Triumvir, Antony, her willing slave for fourteen years?

But war and pillage have destroyed the relics of old Alexandria almost as completely as though a tidal wave from the adjoining ocean had swept over it. Its pure white marble lighthouse, Pharos, which surpassed the Pyramids in height,

and was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, is now no longer visible. The mausoleum of Alexander the Great, in which the youthful conqueror's body lay in a sarcophagus of pure gold, has also passed away. The immense Alexandrian library,—the largest of antiquity,—has long since vanished in flame and smoke.

The magnificent Museum of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which,

APPROACH TO POMPEY'S PILLAR.

two and a half centuries before Christ, was the acknowledged meeting-place of scholars and sages from all lands, and the focus of the intellectual life of the world, has so effectually disappeared that no one can determine with certainty its ancient site. Even in modern times Alexandria has suffered spoliation. Until quite recently, the traveler saw upon its shore—one prostrate, one erect—the obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, which were hewn from the quarry thirty-five hundred years ago. But these have been conveyed to dis-

SUEZ CANAL.

The European quarter of Alexandria is well lighted and possesses many handsome residences. Much capital is invested here, and evidences of wealth abound. The future prosperity of the city seems assured. Within its sheltered harbor is abundant sea-room for the largest fleets, and from this ocean gateway railroads now extend to Cairo, Port Saïd, Suez, and the Upper Nile; while at this point the Mediterranean cable joins the telegraph wire along whose metal

HOTEL ABBAT, ALEXANDRIA.

thread the messages of war and commerce, or tender words of love to distant friends, may be conveyed at lightning speed from Europe, Asia, or America, to the heart of Africa.

The main business section of Alexandria is the Square of Mehemet Ali. Fronting on this long rectangle are the principal hotels, banks, and steamship offices, and in the centre is the equestrian statue of the first Viceroy of Egypt, whose name the area bears. One would expect to see his statue

AN EGYPTIAN PORTER.

here, for Mehemet Ali was the most remarkable man the Orient has produced in the last hundred years. His influence is felt here to this day. Without him Egypt could not have attained her present position of semi-independence and prosperity. For forty years he was the arbiter of Egypt. He was a despot; but there are times when autocratic sovereigns are a necessity. Nations are like individuals: at certain stages in their history they need authority and discipline to force them into habits of industry and unquestioning obedience. Alexandria has reason to be grateful to Mehemet Ali. Before he made himself dictator of Egypt, and freed himself from vassalage to the Sultan, the splendid city of the Ptolemies had dwindled into insignificance, and was a mere haunt of fishermen and pirates. But in a dozen years he transformed it, until it was once more an entrepôt of Eastern trade, a half-way house to India, and the great meeting point of Europe, Africa, and Asia. At his command its

A PALACE OF THE KHEDIVE.

harbor was reopened and made safe for merchant ships, and his indomitable energy soon caused a huge canal to be constructed, which proved to be one of the most important works of modern times,—a navigable waterway by which the traffic of the Nile was brought to Alexandria. This Mahmoodiah Canal was made within the space of a year. A quarter of a million natives were compelled to labor on it, and of these twenty-five thousand are said to have perished on its banks

SQUARE OF MEHEMET ALI.

from overwork and insufficient food. But, while lamenting the cruelty attending its construction, we must concede to the Egyptian autocrat full credit for the work achieved, which has raised Alexandria from poverty, and filled its empty treasury with constantly increasing wealth. Mehemet Ali, like most great geniuses, was a "self-made man," rising by his undoubted talents from the position of a colonel in the Turkish army to be Viceroy of Egypt and the founder of the present dynasty.

He was a proof of how the Orient, once so prolific of great men, can still surprise us. Give to the East a leader capable of arousing its enthusiasm and of kindling its religious zeal, and Europe might again be forced to struggle desperately for its life and liberties. Thus, coming like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, Mehemet Ali, with twenty-four thousand men, emerged from Egypt, conquered Syria,

CAIRO.

and drove the Turks before him into the heart of Asia Minor. Under the leadership of Mehemet's dashing son, Ibrahim (a son worthy of such a father), the Egyptians fought as they had never fought before. Mehemet Ali was declared an outlaw; but army after army sent against him by the Sultan was hopelessly defeated. The victor rapidly approached the Bosporus; Constantinople itself seemed actually within his grasp; but the united powers of Europe, startled by this sudden resurrection of the Orient, cried in

the thunder of a hundred cannon, "Halt!" and Ibrahim could go no farther. Baffled and broken-hearted, the great adventurer returned with his son to Egypt, the sovereignty of which he still retained, and to console himself for the failure of his brilliant dream of Eastern conquest and extensive empire, he gained at least the privilege of bequeathing to his descendants his viceregal power.

AN EGYPTIAN PEASANT.

But, interesting as one may at first find the cosmopolitan and progressive city of Alexandria, it is by no means thoroughly Egyptian, and should be regarded as merely a door-

VEGETATION IN THE DELTA.

way to the real glories of the land of the Pharaohs. Hence, after a stay of a few days on the coast, one always hastens into the interior of the country.

A bird's-eye view of Lower Egypt would reveal a vast expanse of cultivated territory in the form of a triangle, the base of which is on the Mediterranean. From its resemblance to the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, this area has for ages been appropriately called the Delta. A poet has compared it to a beautiful green fan, with Cairo sparkling like a diamond in its handle.

THE MENA HOTEL.

The simile is an apt one, for in the days of the Caliphs, a thousand years ago, Cairo was the brightest jewel of the Nile,—the rival of Bagdad and Damascus in the annals of the Arabian Nights; and even now, to one who comes to it directly from the Occident, its Oriental brilliancy is most impressive.

On my first visit to Egypt in the days of Ismail Pasha, there was practically only one Cairo. Now there are two,—the African and European,—contending, not for political supremacy, which has been definitely won by England, but for supremacy in architecture, dress, and manners.

A MARKET NEAR CAIRO.

New Cairo has become a charming winter residence, but the old city of the Caliphs, as the traveler saw it only thirty years ago, is gone. Red-coated British soldiers now swarm upon the citadel of Mehemet Ali; Egyptian troops wear European uniforms; the narrow, covered streets, which painters like Gérôme so loved to reproduce, have largely given place to broad, unshadowed thoroughfares; and most of the exquisitely carved and inlaid balconies which formerly adorned the front of nearly every Cairene house, have disappeared. On the other hand, magnificent hotels have sprung into existence, and in the winter shelter crowds of foreign guests whose ancestors were savages for three thousand years after the completion of the Sphinx. One of these hotels has even dared to plant itself at the very base of the Great Pyramid!

AN OLD STREET.

Cairo, modernized by the English, may be compared to a fashionable piece of western furniture placed on an eastern rug, or to a Bedouin of the desert wearing a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat. While the city has greatly gained in modern characteristics, as well as in sanitary conditions, it

has lost much of its old picturesqueness. Nevertheless, within its ancient precincts there are still many streets of Moorish aspect, with mosques, bazaars, and Oriental dwellings, among which one seems to be a thousand miles removed from western civilization. But these attractive features of the past are undergoing radical transformation. During the reign of Ismail Pasha, the ratio between the East and West in Cairo left little to be desired, and the Egyptian capital then combined just enough modern luxuries and comforts to offset gracefully some less agreeable characteristics of the Orient. Thus, even as early as 1871, the Khedive had built a handsome Opera House in Cairo, and had offered the composer Verdi a munificent sum for an opera which should represent the glories of old Egypt. The result was that finest production of the modern Italian school, Aïda, whose representation here on a scale of great magnificence, with Madame Parepa Rosa in the title rôle, is one of my most treasured memories of a winter on the Nile.

A LATTICED WINDOW.

Occasionally, in some old, narrow street, one may see, even now, what was a score of years ago a well-nigh uni-

versal architectural feature of the city, the Mashrebeeyeh, — a latticed window made of cedar wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Such windows are admirably suited to the Orient, for they exclude both light and heat, and also screen the inmates from all observation,—an important consideration in Cairo, since in these narrow passageways, when once above the lower story, the houses rapidly approach each other till their projecting windows almost meet. If you glance up at these, you may perhaps perceive at one of the interstices the flash of a jewel, or the gleam of a bright eye, and hear a musical laugh, or the exclamation, "Giaour!" (Infidel).

MINARETS IN CAIRO.

A stay of only a few hours in Cairo will convince the tourist that the typical animal of Egypt is the donkey. Of these there are said to be fifty thousand in Cairo alone. Most of them are of the color of Maltese

cats, and all are closely clipped, and have their bodies fantastically painted, starred, or striped, until they look like miniature zebras. They are so small that the feet of their riders almost touch the ground. But they are swift-footed and easy, and riding on their backs is almost as comfortable as sitting in a rocking-chair. Why has the donkey never found a eulogist? The horse is universally admired. The Arab poet sings of the beauties of his camel.

A CAIRENE SIGHT.

The bull and cow have been held sacred, and even the dog and cat have been praised in prose and verse. But the poor donkey still remains the butt of ridicule, the symbol of stupidity and the object of abuse. But if there is another and a better world for animals, and if in that sphere patience ranks as a prime virtue, the ass will have a better pasture-ground than many of its rivals. The donkey's small size exposes it to cruelty. When animals have power to defend themselves, man's caution makes him kinder. He hesitates to hurt an elephant, and even respects to some extent the heels of a mule. But the donkey corresponds to the small boy who cannot protect himself in a crowd of brutal playmates. The

only violent thing about it is its voice, and on the human ass this voice has very little restraining influence. It is difficult to see how these useful animals could be replaced in certain countries of the world. Purchased cheaply, reared inexpensively, living on thistles, if they get nothing better, and patiently carrying heavy burdens until they drop from weakness,—these little beasts are of incalculable value to the laboring classes of Southern Europe, Egypt, Mexico, and similarly situated lands. If they have failed to win affection, it is perhaps because of their one infirmity,—the startling tones which they produce.

On the morning after our arrival in Cairo, we went out on the steps of Shepheard's Hotel prepared to take a ride through the city. Directly opposite were thirty or forty Egyptian donkeys, all saddled and bridled, awaiting riders. Their drivers (whose principal garment was a long woolen shirt) stood by them, almost as anxious to be employed as New York hackmen, for, if they return to their masters at night empty-handed, they receive a beating. The sight of strangers descending the hotel steps was, therefore, a signal for them

A PROMENADE.

to make a grand rush forward, pushing and crowding their wretched beasts, and shouting at the top of their voices the ludicrous names which previous travelers had bestowed upon these animals: — "Take mine, good donkey, — very good!" "Take mine, 'Champagne Charley!'" "Take mine, 'Abe Lincoln!'" "Take mine, 'Prince Bismarck!'" "Take mine, 'Yankee Doodle!'" The noise and confusion are most comical to an observer. When the stranger has once mounted, the boy catches hold of the donkey's tail (which he uses as a rudder), gives him a whack in the rear, shouts "Ah-ye! Reglah!" and off they go, presenting a scene that never failed to excite our merriment.

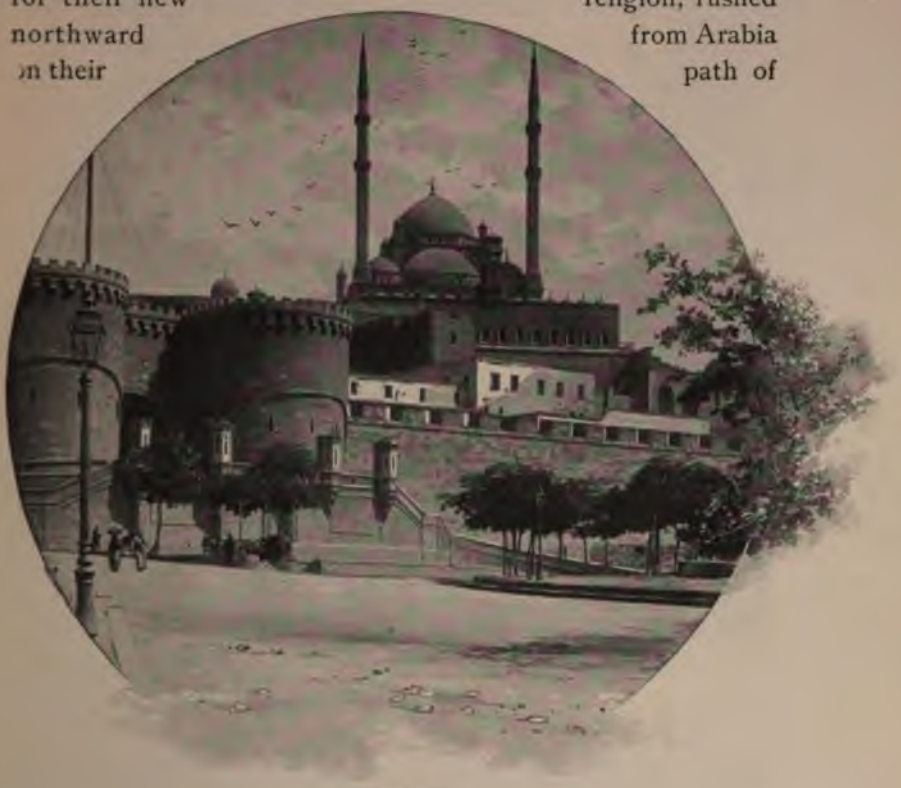
SLEEPING DONKEY BOY.

AN EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

Towering far above the city of

BASKET MAKERS—CAIRO.

the Caliphs is a huge fortress called the Citadel. As is well known, Cairo is of Arabian origin,—a brilliant memento of Mohammedan conquest. Its name (in Arabic, Al Kahireh) signifies "The Victorious." When, in the seventh century after Christ, the followers of the Prophet, inspired with enthusiasm for their new religion, rushed northward from Arabia on their path of



THE CITADEL.

victory and proselytism (which ultimately made the greater part of the Mediterranean a Moslem lake), Egypt was one of their first and most important conquests. Memphis, the ancient City of the Pharaohs, was then still extant, adorned with many imposing monuments that had survived the lapse of centuries. But this old capital of an alien faith ill suited

Mehemet Ali to secure his place of power; but he suspected that they regretted it and were conspiring to destroy him. At all events, the Viceroy, having used them as a ladder for his vast ambition, found it expedient to get rid of them, as Napoleon, at the Battle of the Pyramids, had sought to exterminate them. Accordingly he invited these powerful foes to a banquet in the citadel. They came without suspicion,— four hundred and eighty in number, superbly dressed and finely mounted. But no sooner had the portals closed behind them, than a scathing fire was opened upon them by Mehemet Ali's troops, who suddenly appeared upon the walls. Unable alike to defend themselves or to escape, the Mamelukes fell beneath repeated volleys, horses and men in horrible confusion, anguish, and despair,—with the exception of one man, who, spurring his horse in desperation over the welter-ing bodies of his comrades, forced him to leap over the lofty parapet. A shower of bullets followed him, scarcely more swift than his descending steed, but he escaped as if by miracle, and freeing himself from his mangled horse, he fled in safety into the adjoining desert.

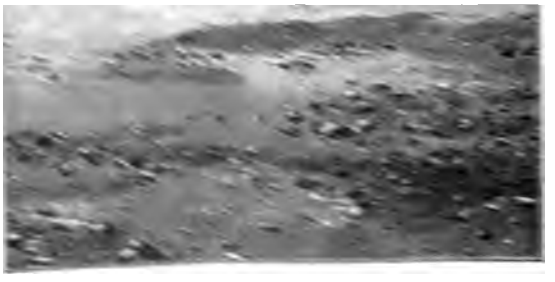
AN EGYPTIAN SOLDIER.

VIEW FROM THE CITADEL.

[illegible] adjoining room (still shown to visitors). [illegible] have remained, calm and motionless. [illegible] his hands, though he could [illegible] musketry and the shrieks and groans [illegible]

[illegible] Italian physician ventured into his [illegible] The Viceroy made no reply. [illegible] in a silence more eloquent [illegible] draught. He knew that [illegible] Egypt.—possibly sover-

[illegible] citadel is wonder- [illegible] in Cairo I rarely [illegible] enjoy it. Standing [illegible] one sees below him [illegible] in the immedi- ate foreground a grove of grace- ful minarets, ri- sing like sculp- tured palm- trees from an [illegible] mass [illegible] and [illegible] domes. [illegible] these, stretching the north and south as far as the eye [illegible] it is [illegible] [illegible] at this



point has borne upon its breast the cradle of the infant Moses and the regal barge of Cleopatra.

Still farther westward, the declining sun seems to be sinking into a violet sea, so marvelous is the light that glorifies the tawny desert,—symbol of perpetual desolation. Upon the edge of that vast area, into whose depths the orb of day seems disappearing never to return, three mighty shapes stand sharply forth, piercing a sky of royal purple. Their huge triangular shadows travel slowly eastward, farther and farther, as the sun descends,

ANTINOUS.

"Like dials that the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by."

They are the Pyramids, whose awful forms have been enveloped thus in sunset shadows every evening for at least five thousand years; and when they finally vanish in the gloom, as most of Egypt's history and glory has been swallowed up in the impenetrable darkness of the past, one realizes that there is no view on earth which can so eloquently tell him of the grandeur of antiquity and the eternal mystery of time.

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone."

Within the citadel of Cairo, only a few steps from the scene of the massacre of the Mamelukes, is the beautiful mosque erected by Mehemet Ali, not, as one might suppose,

INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE.

in expiation of his crime, but as the exalted place in which his body should repose. His expectation was fulfilled, and the remains of the talented but cruel Viceroy are sepulchred in a magnificent mausoleum. From the display of oriental alabaster in every portion of this edifice, it has been called the Alabaster Mosque. It has a noble courtyard, with an elaborately decorated fountain, and its proportions are imposing. But its most pleasing architectural feature is its slender minarets, which soar far above the city, resembling silver tapers placed about the Viceroy's tomb.

THE HOUSE OF THE AFRIT.

The tourist soon discovers that the mosque of Mehemet Ali

SOLDIER AND DROMEDARY.

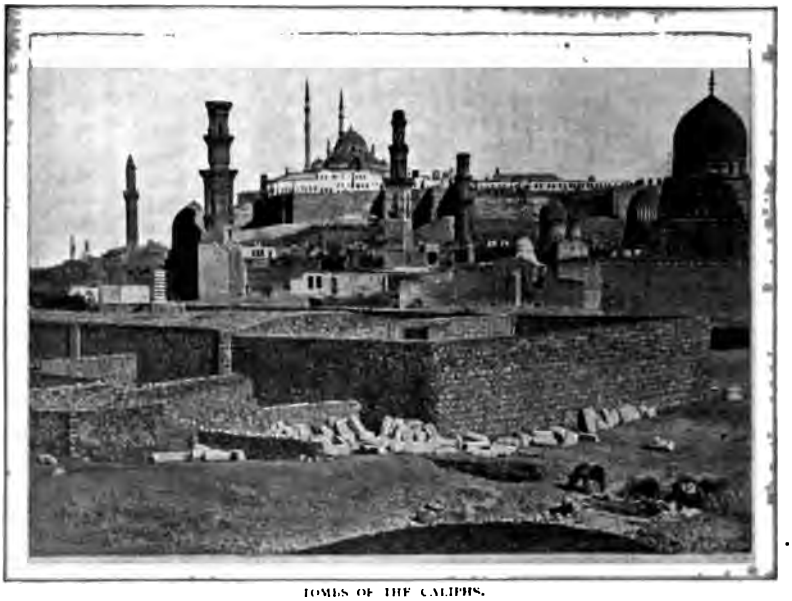
is not the only one in Cairo. On the contrary, mosques are more numerous in Cairo than churches are in Rome. Connected with most of them are curious superstitions. In one, for example, two columns are believed to mark the precise spot where Noah's Ark finally found a resting-place. Nay, not

A STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

content with this, the legend claims that this is also the place where Abraham offered up the ram instead of his son Isaac. These columns, therefore, are supposed to possess remarkable healing power, and are kept highly polished by being rubbed with pieces of orange and lemon peel, which

are then applied to diseased portions of the body. One day we were much amused to see two men licking these posts vigorously, in the hope of making their stomachs strong. This is perhaps the only remedy for dyspepsia not yet advertised in the Occident!

Similar superstitions are associated with one of the oldest gates of Cairo, the name of which appears in the tales of the Arabian Nights. A friend who had lived several years in Egypt took us one day to see this portal, which is supposed to be haunted by an *afrit*, or evil spirit. For some time we were entertained by watching several old women in succession approach the gate cautiously, spit three times over their left shoulder, to exorcise the demon, and then peer behind



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.

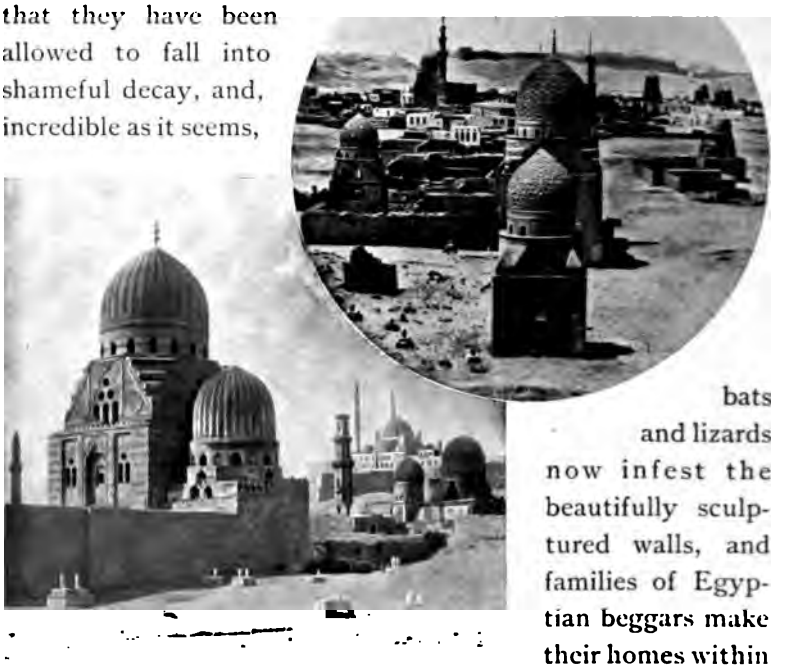
the door with much the same expression that some of their sex of the Occident assume, when they look timidly under a bed at night. Their object was to see if the *afrit* was at home. What they might have done if they had discovered

it, would be difficult to conjecture. But the demon was evidently "out" that day,—possibly having been recalled to headquarters. Accordingly the women left what answered for their cards. One, for example, inserted in a crevice of the gate an old tooth, and hobbled off, believing she would thenceforth have no toothache. Another tied to a rusty nail a lock of hair (presumably her own), and smiled to think she would thenceforth be exempt from headache. Thus this demon-haunted portal is kept continually decorated with ghastly teeth and wisps of hair.

NEGLECTED BEAUTY.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that if these people were requested to explain their idea of Satan, they would probably describe him as a blond. A European traveler in Africa relates that the women in one village gathered round him in astonishment, declaring that he was as "white as the Devil." Passing beyond this portal, we found, outside the city walls, some interesting structures which we recognized as the far-famed tombs of the Caliphs. The name "Caliph," or "Successor," was the title assumed after the Prophet's death by the Mohammedan rulers, some of whom reigned here in magnificence for many years. Even in their ruined condition, we can easily see that these Arabian sepulchres must once have been of exquisite beauty; for the material of many of them is white alabaster, and all their

domes are well-proportioned and ornamented with an arabesque stone tracery so delicate, that one could fancy them to be covered with lace mantles. To see these graceful sepulchres of the Caliphs from a distance in the glow of sunset, is to behold what seems like a mirage of Saracenic architecture. But near approach reveals the fact that they have been allowed to fall into shameful decay, and, incredible as it seems, bats and lizards now infest the beautifully sculptured walls, and families of Egyptian beggars make their homes within the tombs of Mohammed's successors. On the cracked side of one of them a Persian poet once wrote these words: "Each crevice of this ancient tomb resembles a half-opened mouth, which laughs at the inevitable fate of those who dwell in palaces!"

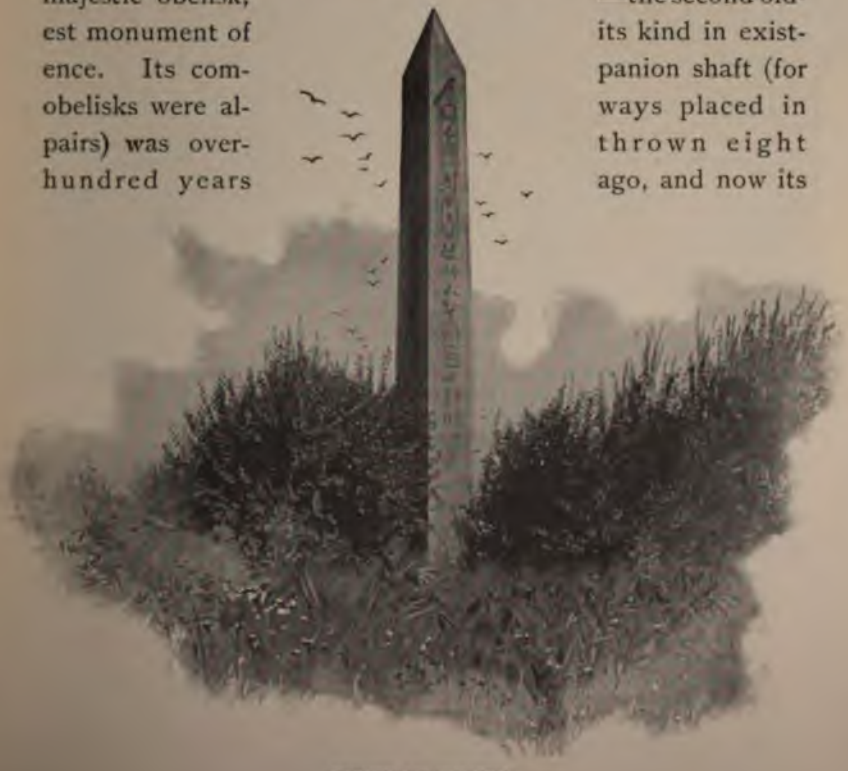


GRACEFUL SEPULCHRES AND HIDEOUS GRAVES.

Around them, and in striking contrast to their former splendor, are hundreds of small gravestones, which mark one of the dreariest places in the world,—a modern Egyptian cemetery. The soil is mere yellow, burning sand, without a

flower, tree, or shrub to mitigate its desolation. Moreover, the tombs themselves are hideously plain, consisting of bricks loosely cemented together and surmounted by two sharp-pointed stones. What an added horror must death possess for people who look forward to a burial-place like this!

Beyond these desolate sepulchres, a long avenue of over-arching palm-trees leads us to the site of Heliopolis, that ancient City of the Sun, whose Hebrew name, On, is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis was one of the most remarkable that Egypt ever possessed, and its priests were famed throughout the world for their learning. Magnificent presents were given to this sanctuary by Egyptian kings, and its staff of officials, priests, guardians, and servants is said to have numbered nearly thirteen thousand. Joseph married the daughter of a priest of Heliopolis, and here Moses, Pythagoras, Euclid, and Plato received instruction. Yet, on the plain once occupied by this great city, the only relic of it that remains is one majestic obelisk, —the second oldest monument of its kind in existence. Its companion shaft (for obelisks were always placed in pairs) was overthrown eight hundred years ago, and now its



OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

fragments are probably either buried in the vicinity beneath a mass of Nile deposit, or else form part of the foundation of some stately edifice in Cairo. The original beauty of this

AVENUE NEAR CAIRO.

granite monolith must have been striking, for down each of its four sides is a hieroglyphic hymn to the gods, the letters of which were formerly filled with gold, to liken it to the lustre of the sun, since obelisks were used as symbols of the

VIEW OF CAIRO.

sun's bright rays. This City of the Sun was doubtless specially adorned with these tapering shafts, but all the others have disappeared. There is something indescribably mournful in this, the last memorial of Heliopolis, gazing, as it were, sadly down from its imposing height upon the solitary plain, so eloquent in its pathetic silence. Moses, no doubt, looked upon this obelisk; Herodotus and Plato may have rested in its shadow. Yet upon its sculptured surface, morning and evening, still fall the solar salutations, just as they did when Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem were the dwelling-places of barbarians.

THE VIRGIN'S TREE.

PLOWING NEAR HELIOPOLIS.

On the way back from Heliopolis to Cairo, one halts before a famous sycamore, known as the Virgin's Tree, since within its hollow trunk Mary and the Child Jesus are said to have taken refuge during the flight into Egypt. Tradition adds that they would surely have been captured by Herod's agents, had not a spider, after they had entered, covered the opening with its web, thus screening them from discovery. At the inauguration of the Suez Canal, in 1869, the courteous Khedive, Ismail Pasha, presented, of course in jest, this sacred tree to the Empress Eugénie to take back with her to France as a holy relic. It is said that the witty Empress thanked him gravely, but begged him to give her, instead, as a more portable and no less authentic souvenir, the skeleton of the spider that wove the web.

EGYPTIAN RUNNERS.

In the vicinity of Cairo are several delightful drives, through avenues completely sheltered from the sun by stately sycamores and acacias. These are the fashionable promenades of the Egyptian capital, and one of them, called the Shoobra Avenue, is five miles long. Here, every afternoon during the tourist season, one sees in landaus and victorias numberless representatives of different parts of Europe and America, among whom freely mingle wealthy Turks, Arabs, and Egyptians, while not infrequently one catches a glimpse

of the Khedive himself or members of his family. It is a curiously cosmopolitan sight, for in the throng of European carriages the fleet little donkeys of Egypt amble along, and gaily caparisoned camels sometimes thrust their heads disdainfully upon the scene and leer at the crowd.

AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.

Here, also, one occasionally perceives a characteristic phase of Cairene life in the Nubian Saïs, who runs before the horse or carriage of some rich pasha, and shouts for the way to be cleared. These runners, who are usually as black as ebony, carry wands in their hands, and wear colored turbans, gold-embroidered vests and jackets, and short white skirts, beneath which flash their naked limbs and feet. At frequent intervals we see an officer in handsome uniform, with silver-mounted weapons. These guardians of the peace will sometimes condescend to interfere and clear the crowd in case of an entanglement; but usually they content themselves with glaring fiercely at the Europeans, whom they seem to hate, or with posing as royal dignitaries intended for orna-

SHOOBRA PALACE.

ment, not for use. But great is the transformation which takes place in them, whenever the Khedive himself rides by. In an instant the scowling and disdainful officer becomes as fawning and obsequious as the veriest slave, and bends his head until the royal equipage is out of sight. He is a perfect illustration of the treacherous servant,— indifferent or tyrannical to those unfortunate enough to be beneath him, — cringing and false to his superiors.

MUSEUM AT CAIRO.

At the end of the Shoobra Avenue is a charming palace of the same name, which is built around an artificial lake, with a marble fountain, resembling an island, in the centre.

What an air of Oriental luxury we seem to breathe, as we stroll along these graceful porticoes! The pavement is of marble mosaic, the ceiling glows with brilliant frescoes, and between them rise, like the trunks of graceful palms, a multitude of slender Moorish columns, reminding one a little of the halls of the Alhambra. The Shoobra Palace was the favorite residence of Mehemet Ali, and even when his hair

MUMMY OF RAMESES II.

and beard were white as snow, the fierce old warrior used to amuse himself here in the oddest fashion. Sitting cross-legged on a comfortable divan, he would watch for hours the adventures of the ladies of his harem, who were, at his command, rowed out upon the lake in gaily colored boats by hideous black eunuchs. Suddenly, at a secret signal given by himself, the boats would be upset and the fair occupants thrown into the water, to be dragged out amid the most ludicrous screams and struggles. At this sight, the old Viceroy would, it is said, put down his coffee-cup or pipe, loll back on his luxurious cushions, and laugh until the tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks. Strange, is it not, that this grim veteran, stained with the blood of numberless murdered Mamelukes, could have found pleasure in such childish sport?

TOMB OF MARIETTE.

At a little distance from the city, on the new driveway to the Pyramids, stands the unrivaled museum of Egyptian antiquities, which a few years ago was transferred hither from the Cairene quarter known as Boulak. It is surrounded by a beautiful garden, within which is the tomb of Mariette, that self-denying and enthusiastic archæologist who gave his life and fortune to Egyptian exploration, and whose untimely death, in 1881, was an irreparable loss to science. While it is literally true that he gave his life to Egypt, in return old

Egypt gave herself to him. For how magnificent was the success that rewarded his untiring devotion! To have, himself, discovered and rescued from their desert shroud thousands of statues, temples, tombs, and sphinxes,—thus bringing the beginnings of the recorded history of man within our easy comprehension,—no doubt abundantly repaid him for long years of labor and privation. But he had many personal experiences which must have wonderfully enriched his life. Thus, close by Memphis, Mariette discovered the famous Serapeum, or Cemetery of the Sacred Bulls, all of which, after death, had been embalmed, and for a period of two thousand years had rested here in huge sarcophagi of granite,—hidden away for ages under the desert sands. Each of

ROYAL SARCOPHAGI.

the coffins was a monolith weighing nearly sixty tons, and in these the embalmed bulls were laid away in separate compartments in long subterranean galleries, which fill the visitor with amazement as he looks upon them.

When Mariette opened this vast cemetery, he found one vault which for some reason had escaped the ruthless hands of those who, at some time, inspired by the hope of finding treasure, had plundered most of Egypt's sepulchres. Accordingly, when the portal yielded to his pressure, he perceived in the mortar the signet-impress of the mason who had closed it long before the time of Moses. There also, on a layer of sand, were the footprints of the workmen, who, nearly four thousand years before, had consigned the sacred mummy to its tomb and closed the door, as they supposed forever! What wonder, then, that when the great savant found himself thus face to face with a stupendous past, within an area on which no eye had looked for nearly twice as long a period as had elapsed since Christ was born, he was completely overcome and burst into tears!

THE VILLAGE CHIEF.

An entire lecture might be devoted to the mere enumeration of the interesting relics of the Pharaohs contained in this museum; but some mention, at least, must be made of a celebrated statue which, though estimated to be at least four thousand years old, is even now so startlingly lifelike as to astonish all who look upon its face. Its preservation, too, is marvelous, considering that its material is wood. It represents a type of man still common in Egypt. In fact, when it was found, the Arabs were so struck with its resemblance to their somewhat corpulent overseer, that they immediately called it the "Village Chief," a title which it

still retains. What impressed me most about this figure was the expression of its eyes. They fairly haunted me. It seemed as if a living being must dwell within that wooden form, to stare upon me so intently. This effect is due to the peculiar artifice employed in its construction. Thin folds of bronze were used for eyelids, beneath which were inserted, for the eyeballs, pieces of white quartz; the iris was then made of a darker colored stone, while in the centre was driven, for the pupil, a silver nail.

A few miles to the south of Cairo is the site of Memphis, probably the oldest city in Egypt, and the capital of Menes, first of Egypt's kings. We may gain some idea of its antiquity, when we reflect that it was founded, according to Lepsius, four thousand — according to Mariette, five thousand — years before Christ. It is

PALMS NEAR MEMPHIS.

said to have been so large that a half-day's journey was necessary to cross it from north to south; but little of it now remains above ground. A stately palm-grove covers this cradle of the Egyptian dynasties, and silence and soli-

OLD CAIRO AND THE CITADEL.

tude reign here supreme. It is true, Mariette's heroic labors in this region brought to light more than two thousand buried sphinxes, and five thousand statues and tablet-inscriptions. But most of these have been taken away to European museums, and almost the only thing remaining here to-day is a colossal statue of Rameses II, too vast to be removed. This now lies prostrate on its finely sculptured face, commingling slowly with historic dust.

THE SITE OF MEMPHIS.

Never shall I forget an afternoon which I spent on the site of Memphis, seated within its stately palm-grove, on the border of the adjoining desert. Here, for the first time, I seemed to realize that I was in the land of the Pharaohs. The subtile influence of Egyptian antiquity stole insensibly upon me, until I seemed to have been carried back to the days of Abraham; and the long trains of loaded camels, the turbaned Arabs, the half-veiled women, the tufted palm-trees, and the silent desert, ceased finally to fill me with astonishment, and seemed fitting accessories to the scene before me.

While seated here that day, I watched for some time an Arab riding across the shining expanse of the desert, the soft, cushioned feet of his camel sinking into the sand with a

ARAB AT PRAYER.

solemn, noiseless tread. It was the hour of prayer. Far off upon the minarets of Cairo the muezzins were proclaiming the sacred formula of Islam. Dismounting, the rider bound the foreleg of his camel, planted his lance beside him in the sand, and then, turning his face toward sacred Mecca, performed his devotions. As I watched him, I could but feel that we were in the grandest of all earthly temples, beside which Santa Sophia and St. Peter's dwindled to pygmies; for its golden pavement was the measureless sweep of the Sahara,—its dome, the canopy of heaven.

STATUE OF RAMESES II.

To a person floating in a balloon over Egypt, the country would

THE MAJESTIC NILE.

present the appearance of a long strip of green carpet spread out upon a sandy floor. For, as it seldom rains here, the entire country would be a desert, were it not for the annual inundation of the Nile, which rescues from the sand on either side of the river a narrow fringe of territory; and both these river-banks, although hemmed in by scorching deserts, glow nevertheless with beauty and fertility because of the alluvial deposit of this fruitful overflow.

The Nile is, in fact, the artery of Egypt, upon whose regular pulsations the existence of the land depends. The loam in the Egyptian Delta is that river's sediment, brought in solution from the heart of Africa. Thus Egypt is the gift of Ethiopia.

A NILE FARM.

Between the fertile valley, thus created and renewed, and the adjoining desert a ceaseless warfare is waged,—the old, eternal struggle between Life and Death. To the Egyptians this river represented the creative principle, just as the desert symbolized destruction. In the mythology of Egypt there is a pretty fable, to the effect that the crystal springs of the Nile bubble up in the gardens of Paradise and serve for the ablutions of angels. Thence, wandering through

THE INUNDATION.

lovely meadows, the infant stream finally expands into this lordly and majestic river, which offers life and plenty to the world.

Within the arches of the Vatican there now reclines in Oriental calm an ancient statue of old Father Nile, leaning upon a miniature sphinx; while on its shoulders and around its limbs play sixteen pygmies, representing the sixteen cubits of the annual rise of the river. Surely it is not strange that the old Egyptians deified the Nile, to whose life-bringing flood they owed not only their sustenance, but the very soil on which they lived. Of all the rivers in the world this

is the most extraordinary. Some of its characteristics seem almost supernatural. For the last fifteen hundred miles of its course,— that is to say, for nearly one half of its entire length,— it receives no tributary whatever, but flows on calmly beneath a burning sun, and with a stony wilderness on either side. Yet, notwithstanding all its loss, not only by evaporation in that torrid atmosphere, but by the canals which lure its fruitful flood to the right and left, by the absorption of its sandy banks, and finally by the draughts made upon it by the countless mouths of men and beasts from Nubia to the sea, it seems at last to pour into the Mediterranean a broader and more copious stream than it displayed a thousand miles away! Nor is this all. Ordinarily an inundation causes calamity and inspires terror; but the overflow of the great river of Egypt is hailed with thanks-

A NATIVE RAFT.

FATHER NILE.

giving. Songs of rejoicing are heard along its rapidly disappearing banks, and its advancing waves are hailed as harbingers of peace and plenty. To the wretched fellaheen of Egypt, a few feet more or less of water in the rise of the Nile makes all the difference between abject poverty and comparative plenty; since, whenever the water-supply is scanty, the desert remorselessly advances, to swallow up the fields, where in good years luxuriant crops are wont to gladden the eye.

NILE BRIDGE AT CAIRO.

The Egyptian peasant would be not a little surprised to learn that we of the Occident depend for our vegetation upon water falling from the clouds. To him, who rarely sees a drop of rain, this would seem a very precarious mode of agriculture. The rise of water in the Upper Nile commences in the month of February. By March, it is perceptible at Khartoum, at Dongola in April, and on the Delta in the month of May. It usually reaches its full height early in September, remains thus for a fortnight, and then gradually

TRAVELING ON THE NILE.

subsides. At its climax,—when the river has attained a height of about twenty-four feet above low water-level,—the valley looks like an archipelago studded with green islands, each of which is crowned with palm-trees and a little village. Then, when the waters subside, the country clothes itself at once in vegetation, and Mother Earth appears as young and beautiful as when the Pyramids first gazed upon the wondrous scene.

No visit to Egypt is now complete which does not include a journey on the Nile, at least as far as the site of ancient "hundred-gated" Thebes, six hundred miles inland from the Mediterranean. At present the tourist can choose between two

A DAHABIYEH.

modes of travel on this river. One is by an excursion steamer, which involves a tour of several weeks with a promiscuous company; the other is by a "dahabiyeh," or private boat, where one selects his own companions and is entirely independent,—a dragoman furnishing food, servants, and crew for the entire journey. The great majority of Egyptian tourists take the steamer, which is certainly swift, well-managed, comfortable, and less expensive than a private boat. On the other

A FLOATING HOME.

hand, if time and money are of no particular consideration, and if one wishes to arrange his visits to the different ruins of the Upper Nile with greater freedom and with more seclusion than can be obtained if he is traveling by the schedule time of a crowded tourist-steamer, he would do well to take a dahabiyeh. Certainly those who love reading and tranquillity, and are interested in Egyptian history and antiquities, need not fear the longer duration of the journey occasioned by the use of a private boat. A fair

PROMENADE OF THE HAREM.

allowance being made for individual tastes and temperaments, I believe it to be a fact that upon no equal period of the traveler's life will he look back with more unalloyed enjoyment than upon the weeks or months passed in profound tranquillity and delicious revery, gliding along the golden rim of the Sahara, which seems a well-nigh endless avenue leading him back through a mirage of myths and legends into the very dawn of history. What memories

CLEOPATRA.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

recur to him, as his boat cleaves the current of this ruin-bordered stream! Its revelries, for example,—upon how many did Egypt's cloudless sun and lustrous moon look down, when the most fascinating woman of antiquity,—the irresistible siren of the Nile,—was wont to sail upon the surface of this same majestic stream, accompanied by Antony, in a gilded barge whose perfumed sails swelled languidly with the breezes of the Orient.

ON THE NILE.

Little did they then anticipate the tragic death-scene that awaited them when they should have drained to the dregs their golden goblet of life and love!

THE SCULPTURED LOTUS.

These and a hundred other incidents connected with Egyptian history are, on a voyage like this, continually suggested to us by memory, reading, and conversation; and are all emphasized in a most

charming and impressive way, whenever we land to inspect at various points the awe-inspiring relics of antiquity. "He who has once tasted the water of the Nile," says an Arab proverb, "longs for it inexpressibly forevermore."

It would exceed the scope of this volume to enumerate all the ruined temples which the tourist passes in sailing up the Nile. It is interesting, however, to observe that almost all the columns of these ancient shrines terminate in the sculptured bell of the lotus flower,—an ornament that gives lightness to these ponderous masses, and seems to be the

LUXOR.

appropriate coronation of the columnar stem. Many of these chiseled lotus blossoms are just as perfect now as when they left the sculptor's hand; and even when mutilated by some vandal, their broken edges look like the crumpled petals of a flower, still blooming on from century to century. It is fitting that we should see Egypt's favorite blossom represented in her temples, for the poets of antiquity sang of the far-famed lotus that grew on the banks of the Nile, and claimed that if the traveler ate of it he at once forgot home and kindred, and lingered ever on this distant shore.

Next to the region of the Pyramids and Sphinx, the most attractive part of Egypt is the site of Thebes, the principal

destination of all travelers who ascend the Nile. More than four thousand years ago there lay here, as there lies to-day, a mighty plain, cut by the Nile into two equal parts. Upon this plain was an Egyptian city that must have been to the ancient world what Rome was in the days of Hadrian. It so abounded in stupendous palaces and temples, that even their ruins are to-day the marvel of the world, and draw to them admiring travelers from every land. One of the most extraordinary of these structures is the temple built by Rameses II, which was a ruin long before most of the other ancient edifices of the world were reared. It was demolished by the Persian conqueror, Cambyses, six centuries before Christ, and only a few of its enormous columns are now standing, though everywhere we see the pedestals of many more. Some of its walls were supported by massive statues thirty feet in height, which are now headless and otherwise disfigured; and yet their folded arms still give to them an air of grandeur and mystery, as if they were guarding faithfully in their locked breasts the secrets of unnumbered ages.

TEMPLE OF RAMESES.

Beside these standing giants, however, lies one whose mere fragments dwarf them all. It is the overthrown statue

RAISING WATER FROM THE NILE.

of King Rameses, the largest sculptured figure in the world. This monster, once a solid block of beautifully polished granite, measures twenty-six feet across the shoulders, and its weight, when entire, must have been nearly nine hundred tons. Yet it was transported hither over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. It is alike difficult to understand how such a colossus could have been quarried, brought hither, or broken, as we now find it. An earthquake could hardly have shattered it so completely. Such devastation could only have been effected by the vandalism of man. Upon its surface were inscribed the words —"I am the king of kings. If any one wishes to know how great I am, let him try to surpass one of my works." But now, like Lucifer hurled from Heaven, the mighty Rameses lies overthrown, and several millstones have been cut from his head, without perceptibly diminishing the size.

THE OVERTHROWN STATUE.

A visit to another portion of the Theban city revealed to us the two colossal figures which photographic art has made familiar to the world. They are both sadly mutilated, but seated as they are, and have been for so many ages, in solitude and silence on this historic plain, they look like the abandoned deities of the place, whom grief has turned to stone. They do not, however,

THE VOCAL MEMNON.

really represent deities; they are the statues of King Amunoph III, and were originally placed here before the entrance of his temple. Each of these figures is a monolith, fifty-two feet in height without the pedestal, and weighs about eight hundred tons! It is true, they do not look like monoliths now, for one can see a multitude of different blocks composing their arms and shoulders. But both were solid masses of stone till they were riven by an earthquake shock twenty-seven years before Christ; and two hundred years later, the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus clumsily restored them. This fact of their restoration explains the mystery of the voice which the more northern of these *colossi*, called by the Greeks the "Vocal Memnon," was believed to possess, since every morning, at sunrise, there would issue from it a peculiar sound, which

THE COLOSSI OF THEBES.

A DERVISH DRUM.

was interpreted as being a salutation to the god of day. In the early years of the Christian era this was deemed so wonderful that Greek and Roman travelers made a journey up the Nile to look upon this statue and to hear its "voice," with almost as much interest as they felt in visiting the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

For many years the usual explanation of this phenomenon was that of fraud. It was supposed that a priest concealed himself in the statue, and at sunrise, by striking the stone with a metallic hammer, produced the sound which awed into amazement the worshipers of old. But, on the other hand it seems incredible that for two hundred years priests could climb into this statue every night and climb down again every day, and never be discovered. Obviously, this colossus could not, like a chess automaton, be rolled away occasionally from the stage, for it stood out boldly on the plain, and could be watched continually by thousands. Nor was its voice immemorial. The statue had stood here for fifteen hundred years before it became vocal. It was only after its injury by the earthquake that its voice began to be heard. It then continued musical for two hundred and twenty years; but as soon as it was repaired by the Roman emperor,—that is, as soon as its crevices were filled with stone and plaster,—it became dumb

AN EGYPTIAN HEAD-DRESS.

again, and has remained so ever since. It would seem conclusive, therefore, that the mysterious sound which puzzled all antiquity, was due to the warmth of the rising sun acting on the mass of cracked and sundered stone, which had been thoroughly chilled and moistened with dew during the night, —a fact not without a parallel in some peculiar rock formations of the world.

On the opposite bank of the Nile to that on which the Vocal Memnon and his comrade sit alone, stands the most wonderful of all the edifices of old Thebes, the temple of Karnak. It forms, in fact (with the exception of the Pyramids), the largest and most imposing ruin, not only in Egypt, but in the world. The approach to this was formerly by an avenue nearly two miles long, lined with at least two thousand colossal sphinxes, crouching side by side, fragments of which are still discernible. Between them, so long ago as the time of Joseph, passed with reverent tread unnumbered worshipers, who must have been overwhelmed with awe by

APPROACH TO KARNAK.

GATEWAY OF KARNAK.

the grandeur of this unrivaled vestibule. To-day Arab beggars sun themselves here in the sand. Some one has said that it is fortunate for these sphinxes that they are beheaded, since they are spared the sight of the temple's degradation. Beyond them one perceives, from a great distance, a solitary portal. Beneath it giants might have passed, for it is seventy

"WILD CONFUSION."

feet in height. Compared to it, a man appears to be a pygmy. Time seems to have favored certain portions of this ruined shrine, and this is one of them; for, preserved in the wonderfully clear atmosphere of Egypt and the unvarying sunshine of the Nile, it stands at present in its stately beauty almost as perfect as when its lofty arch resounded to the murmur of adoring thousands.

IN KARNAK.

Passing through this gigantic outer gate, we paused with bated breath before a glimpse of Karnak itself. Who can ever forget his first view of this temple, whose walls are eighty feet in height, some of whose towers reach an altitude of one hundred and forty feet, and whose vast area is a mile and a half in circumference? Before us was a wild confusion of mammoth columns, cyclopean walls, and towering obelisks. It seemed to be a ruined city, rather than a temple, reduced to chaos by an earthquake. One feels that he is standing here upon a battlefield, where Time has struggled with the products of human genius. With whom the victory has rested, the mutilated remains upon the plain significantly prove.

AN AISLE IN KARNAK.

Making our way through this bewildering

labyrinth, we approached one of the smaller avenues of Karnak. How well preserved the columns are! And yet in point of age they are as far removed in one direction from the birth of Christ, as we are in the other. Despite their history of four thousand years, these columns wear no ivied wreaths of age, and had not the ruthless hands of iconoclasts been raised against them, they would doubtless have remained intact to the present day. One realizes here that the Egyptians built their

A BIT OF KARNAK.

temples, not for centuries, but for ages. In fact, one of the inscriptions on these walls states that the king Rameses confidently counts upon the gods for help, because he has reared to them "eternal mountains."

The columns, first met with as one approaches Karnak, enormous though they are, sink to comparative insignificance, when we enter the main avenue of the temple. No illustrations or statistics can give an adequate idea of the majesty of such architecture as this. Yet in one hall alone are no less than a hundred and thirty-four columns, some of

which are thirty-six feet in circumference and sixty-six feet high, while many of the solid blocks which they support are forty feet in length. The lotus flowers which crown them are so vast that twelve men can, with outstretched arms, and hands pressed finger-tip to finger-tip, barely enclose one of their curving lips. What wonder that the Arabs declared that the ancient Egyptians were giants, who had the power of moving at will cyclopean masses of stone, as by the mere stroke of the enchanter's wand?

ETERNAL MOUNTAINS.

On entering another shadowy aisle of Karnak, we found that conquerors had sought to overthrow some of these mighty pillars. In several instances the miscreant vandals were successful; but one huge shaft refused to fall, and, although started from its foundation, it leans against its neighbor (one fancies wearily and painfully), as though it were a giant's dislocated limb. However, we can safely walk beneath this leaning column, for it has been thus deflected since before the time of Christ.

Soulless indeed must be the traveler who can walk among the ruins of Karnak without emotions too profound for words.

In the whole world there is no temple that can be even remotely compared to it. It must have been even more impressive, when its vast aisles were covered with a roof, which, if we may judge from other Egyptian ceilings that remain, was probably painted a deep blue, to represent the cloudless sky of Egypt, and glittered with a thousand golden stars. Even now the daylight, streaming down through this forest of columns, reveals to us pictorial carvings twenty feet in height, with a multitude of sacred characters, cut several inches deep into the solid stone, each letter polished to its entire depth and colored like mosaic. These are not fanciful and meaningless decorations, but hymns of praise to kings and gods, as perfectly comprehended in those times as Latin sentences are to-day.

A CORRIDOR.

THE LEANING COLUMN.

Until 1799, Egyptian hieroglyphics were a mystery, but at the close of the eighteenth century these sacred writings of past ages were made plain by the discovery of a tablet of black basalt (called the "Rosetta Stone" after the town near which it was found), which was dug out of the soil of the Delta. Upon this stone, which is about four feet in height, was inscribed in three languages a decree issued by the Egyptian priesthood at Memphis, about two hundred years before Christ. One of these languages was Greek, the other two were, respectively, the priestly and the popular writing of the Egyptians. By a comparison of the known Greek with the unknown Egyptian characters, a key was found by which to decipher the priestly symbols of the Pharaohs. To Champollion, the distinguished French linguist, is due unstinted praise for this great work, without which the reading of the monuments of ancient Egypt and even the comprehension of Egyptian history would have been impossible. As is well known, the Rosetta Stone now forms one of the most valued treasures of the British Museum.

THE ROSETTA STONE.

Time, the destroyer, can apparently lay no hand on sculptures such as these. They still remain, and will no doubt remain for centuries to come, illumined tablets of history, as perfect as when they were beheld through clouds of incense by the assembled worshipers of old.

In strolling through the immense area of Karnak's ruins, we frequently discovered stately obelisks which were hewn from the primitive volcanic granite nearly forty centuries ago. One of these, which, as the inscription tells us, was once surmounted by a little pyramid of gold, is ninety-two

OBELISKS AT KARNAK.

feet high and eight feet square. Some of these monoliths are prostrate, while others are erect; but whether prone or perpendicular, amid these wonderful surroundings, and with the secrets of past ages graven on their sides, they are unusually impressive memorials of the heroes of the past, and

> "Like a right-arm lifted towards the sky,
> Each obelisk makes oath their memory shall not die."

Though Karnak is the most stupendous ruin of Upper Egypt, by far the loveliest is the island of Philæ, encircled by the glittering Nile. It is an uninhabited island now, only twelve hundred feet in length and five hundred in breadth,

PHILÆ.

but the memories it awakens are like precious jewels in a tiny casket,—"infinite riches in a little room." This "Pearl of the Nile," as it is called, now fringed with palms and crowned with ruined temples, was formerly sacred to the goddess Isis, the mightiest of the Egyptian Trinity; and here her worship was continued secretly, long after the decrees of Christian emperors had elsewhere abolished the old faith of Egypt.

For centuries before that time, however, the templed isle of Isis was the resort of countless travelers and pilgrims, by whom it was as much revered as is the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem by the majority of Christians to-day; for this was

supposed to be the burial-place of Osiris, the husband of Isis; and the most sacred oath of the Egyptians was the phrase, "By him who sleeps in Philæ."

At one extremity of this island is an exquisite little structure known as "Pharaoh's Bed." It is difficult to imagine anything architecturally more beautiful than this graceful pavilion, outlined against the glorious blue sky of Upper Egypt. It is not, however, very ancient, as things go in Egypt, having been built by the Roman emperor Tiberius, about the time of Christ. How and Egypt dwarfs all lands ruins which we have previously called ancient! In Britain we survey with wonder its old cathedrals, built six centuries ago; in Italy we are thrilled by scenes reminding us of Roman life and customs eighteen hundred years since; in Athens we go back still farther. But here upon the changeless Nile, when once accustomed to its antiquity, we find ourselves exclaiming lightly: "Oh, this is merely Greek," or "That is as modern as the Cæsars."

PHARAOH'S BED.

If the island of Philæ is beautiful by day, by night it has a fascination almost beyond the power of language to describe. For when the moon threads these deserted avenues with silver sandals; holding her pale light, here and there, for us to note these sculptured chronicles of kings,

PHILÆ BY MOONLIGHT.

beautiful Philæ rises once more in its splendor, its sculptures speaking to us of the vanished Isis and Osiris, in that mysterious language of dead ages whose books were the temples of the gods, the leaves of which were blocks of stone.

Most tourists on the Nile are content to go no farther than the first cataract and Philæ; but those who journey still farther southward into Nubia are abundantly repaid by one

PHILÆ,—PEARL OF THE NILE.

of the most awe-inspiring of Egyptian ruins,—the temple of Abou-Simbel. This edifice, which is cut for a distance of three hundred feet into the rocky hillside by the river, is now half-buried in drifts of shining sand. Beside it are four statues of Rameses II, of such prodigious size, that the huge door, although enormous in itself, seems small beside them. This portal conducts the traveler into a subterranean hall, where are still other monster statues, waiting with folded arms through the slow-moving centuries, like captive giants whom only a terrific earthquake shock can liberate. Torchlight reveals an altar where sacrifices were offered to the gods more than three thousand years ago.

ABOU-SIMBEL.

One of the exterior statues is mutilated beyond recognition, but all of them represented the same monarch. The position of the hands on the knees is characteristic of most royal Egyptian statues, and is symbolic of Rameses resting after his conquest of the then known world. It is not strange that the Egyptians gave to him the title, "King of Kings," for he was really the greatest conqueror of antiquity, prior to the era of Greece and Rome. He was apparently a favorite of fortune, living to the age of eighty-seven, and ruling Egypt for no less than sixty-seven years. It was his passion to erect magnificent temples, and

place in front of them some of those obelisks and statues which, after all they have survived, are still the marvel of the world. Nor were these ornamental works the only monuments which Rameses bequeathed to Egypt, for he caused the stony desert to be pierced in various places with artesian wells; he finished a canal connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, more than three thousand years before De Lesseps followed in his footsteps; while, as a warrior, he had conquered Syria and seized upon the fortress of Jerusalem more than a hundred years before the Israelites (led out from Egypt during the reign of his successor) set foot upon the soil of Palestine.

A NUBIAN WOMAN.

But to appreciate adequately the vastness of these statues at Abou-Simbel, we should examine them singly. Each is no less than sixty-six feet high, and its forefinger is a yard in length. If the figure stood erect, it would reach an altitude of nearly eighty-three feet. A group of travelers standing on its lap looks like a swarm of insects resting on its surface. The lower half of the leg measures twenty feet from knee to heel. The destruction of one of these statues was effected more than two thousand years ago by foreign conquerors; but what a comment upon human nature it is, that such sublime monuments, after enduring

for so many ages, should now, without the excuse of foreign conquest, be disgracefully mutilated by modern travelers, who (itching for notoriety) have placed upon these ruins their names, and those of the towns unfortunate enough to be their birthplaces. Some of these carvings, in letters a foot in length, have been actually filled in with paint! A few years ago a traveler took a plaster cast of one of the heads, and left it besmeared with white-wash, which he had not the decency to efface. Alas! almost all of Egypt's unique treasures have suffered from the wanton depredations of man. Not long ago a party of tourists visited the grand old obelisk at Heliopolis, which was already ancient when Abraham made his journey into Egypt, and were found

A CONTRAST.

PART OF ONE STATUE.

knocking pieces out of it with an axe! When one hears of such vandalism, one can agree with Douglas Jerrold, who, while arguing that every kind of business had its pleasant side, remarked: "If I were an undertaker, I know of several persons whom I could work for with considerable satisfaction."

THE STATUES OF RAMESES II.

The most impressive view of Abou-Simbel is that which reveals these seated statues from a distance, in profile. Gigantic as their features are, they nevertheless possess a serene, majestic beauty, which becomes marvelous when we reflect that these colossal figures were hewn directly from the face of the mountain. Surely such forms and features, cut thus from the natural rock, were the work of men whose

BEDOUINS AT THE PYRAMIDS.

genius was akin to that of Michael Angelo. There was to me something indescribably weird and unearthly in their solemn faces forever gazing at the river, with an expression which has not changed while ages have flowed on beneath them, like the stream itself. They look as if they had the power to rise, if they desired, and tell us of the awful mysteries on which their lips are sealed.

Notwithstanding the marvelous character of the ruins of the Upper Nile, nothing in Egypt so appeals to our imagination and enthusiasm as those incomparable memorials of the

APPROACH TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Pharaohs,—the Pyramids and Sphinx. They are easily accessible from Cairo, as a fine carriage-road now leads almost to their base. On my first visit to them, more than a score of years ago, the Arabs who infest their vicinity were by no means as well disciplined as they are to-day. No sooner had we reached the edge of the desert, than we were

SECTION OF A PYRAMID.

assailed by numbers of vociferous Bedouins, who, in their long white gowns, resembled African somnambulists. All clamored fiercely for the privilege of conducting us to the summit of the Great Pyramid; but our guide treated them with indifference, until we were surrounded by perhaps sixty men, who shouted and gesticulated as if they were

demented. Then he called upon the chief of these madmen to appoint two for each of us. This was finally done amid the wildest confusion. The rejected men acted like petulant children, lying down in the sand, throwing it into the air, howling, and doing other foolish acts indicative of their chagrin.

At length, the disappointed ones, seeing a new party of travelers approach, started off like a troop of wild beasts to meet them, thus giving us an opportunity to look up quietly at the prodigious structures, which are apparently destined to perish only with the world.

A CORNER OF CHEOPS.

No view does justice to the Pyramids, but the world contains nothing of human workmanship quite so imposing. They stand upon the border of the desert, as other ruins lie beside the sea. Their vast triangular forms, with bases covered by the golden sand, and summits cleaving wedge-like the serene blue sky, exceed, when seen thus close at hand, the most extravagant expectations. A comprehensive idea can not be obtained from statistics, but one must make use of figures and comparisons to give to those who have not seen them some adequate conception of the immensity of these masses of stone. The original height of the Pyramid of Cheops was four hundred and eighty-two feet. About thirty feet of its apex has disappeared, but even now it is higher than the top of St. Peter's; and if this pyramid were hollow, the vast

basilica at Rome could be placed within it, dome and all, like an ornament in a glass case! St. Paul's in London could then in turn be easily placed inside of St. Peter's, for the top of its dome is one hundred feet lower than the summit of the Great Pyramid. Each of its sides measures at the base seven hundred and sixty-four feet. If its materials were torn down, they would suffice to build around the whole frontier of France a parapet ten feet high and a foot and a half thick. Think of a field of thirteen acres completely covered with eighty-five million cubic feet of solid masonry, piled together with such precision and accuracy that astronomical calculations have been based on its angles and shadows, since the mighty pile was built exactly facing the cardinal points of the compass! This solidity of structure and immensity of mass would seem to assure to the Pyramids a well-nigh endless existence. "All things," it is said, "fear Time, but Time fears the Pyramids."

AN EGYPTIAN SHEIK.

VILLAGE NEAR THE PYRAMIDS.

PYRAMID OF CEPHREN.

Among the various conflicting theories regarding the origin and meaning of the Great Pyramid, one thing may certainly be affirmed: its royal builder did not intend to have it used as a gymnasium by tourists, though scores of them ascend it every day. The difficulty in climbing it is owing to the height of the steps to be taken, varying as they do from two to four feet, according to the broken or perfect condition of the stone. In ascending it, I made my two Arab attendants fully earn their money. Giving a hand to each, and stipulating that we should go slowly, I was pulled quite comfortably to the top of Cheops in about fifteen minutes, and found the summit to be at present a rocky platform about thirty feet square. One should not grumble, how-

THE BASE OF CHEOPS.

ever, at the difficulty of making this ascent, for it is owing to their broken surfaces that one is able to climb the Pyramids at all. On near approach they seem like gigantic flights of stairs. But originally each presented a perfectly smooth exterior, the spaces between the steps being filled with stone blocks, fitted with the utmost nicety. The whole pyramid was then covered with cement and beautifully polished. In fact, the second largest pyramid, Cephren, —almost a rival of Cheops,— has still around its apex a remnant of the polished coating, which makes it very difficult to reach the summit. Centuries ago, however, most of these covering blocks were carried off to build the mosques and palaces of Cairo.

PYRAMID OF SAKKARAH.

What was the purpose in erecting these structures? Are they simply monuments of national or royal vanity? Are they memorials of Egyptian victories or conquests? Not at all. Incredible as it may seem, they are merely the colossal sepulchres of kings—the most enormous ever reared by man. It was customary to build pyramids here as late as the time of Abraham, twenty-three hundred years before Christ; but, at a subsequent period, when the capital of the Pharaohs had been transferred from Memphis up the Nile to Thebes, rock-hewn sepulchres seem to have been preferred. Cheops is not the

oldest of Egyptian pyramids. That of Sakkarah, a few miles away, probably antedates it by five hundred years. The whole region for more than forty miles is honeycombed with sepulchres, and it was all the cemetery of Memphis,—that splendid capital whose tombs have long outlived its palaces and temples.

The graves in this vast necropolis, including the pyramids, are, like the tombs at Thebes, all found on the west bank of the Nile,—the side associated with those emblems of mortality, the desert and the setting sun. It is a solemn fact, therefore, that what remains to us of ancient Egypt has to do with death, not life, and was constructed with reference not to time but to eternity. The palaces and capitals of Egypt's kings have almost vanished from the earth; even their sites are often matters of conjecture; but the stupendous temples of the gods, the rock-hewn tombs, and the long line of giant sepulchres built in the form of pyramids, still survive, to emphasize the triumph of the eternal over the temporal.

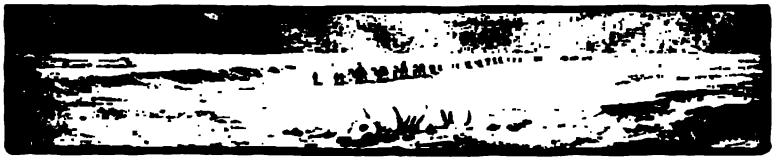
EGYPTIAN FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The Greeks rightly said of the Egyptians, that they looked upon their earthly dwelling as a kind of inn, but upon the grave as their eternal home. In fact, they did make far more elaborate preparations for death than for life. Each

PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

of the Pharaohs, as soon as he ascended the throne, began to build his mausoleum (usually in pyramidal form), and from his neighboring palace in Memphis proudly watched its progress and embellishment. The pyramid of Cheops is not, therefore, as some have ingeniously argued, entirely different from the rest,—a structure built by inspiration of God, and intended to preserve for the race a perfect standard of measurement, or to prophesy by a certain number of inches the year of the world's destruction. There is no reason to doubt that it is the mausoleum of one of a long line of monarchs, all of whom erected similar, though smaller, tombs. It seems, indeed, too vast to be a casket for one human body; yet that same body, when alive, had power to order such a structure to be built, and doubtless thought it none too massive and imposing for his sepulchre.

The summit of Cheops affords a view unequaled in the world. Hundreds of miles to the westward stretches the



THE SAHARA.

vast Sahara, scattering its first golden sands at the very base of the pyramids. It is an awful sight from its dreary immensity. With its rolling waves of sand it seems a petrified ocean suddenly transformed from a state of activity into one of eternal rest. Far away, upon its yellow surface, the sunlit tents of a Bedouin encampment glisten like whitecaps on a rolling sea. In truth, this vast Sahara is an ocean—of sand. It has the same succession of limitless horizons and the same dreary monotony. Dromedaries glide over its sand waves,—true "ships of the desert," as they are called.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT.

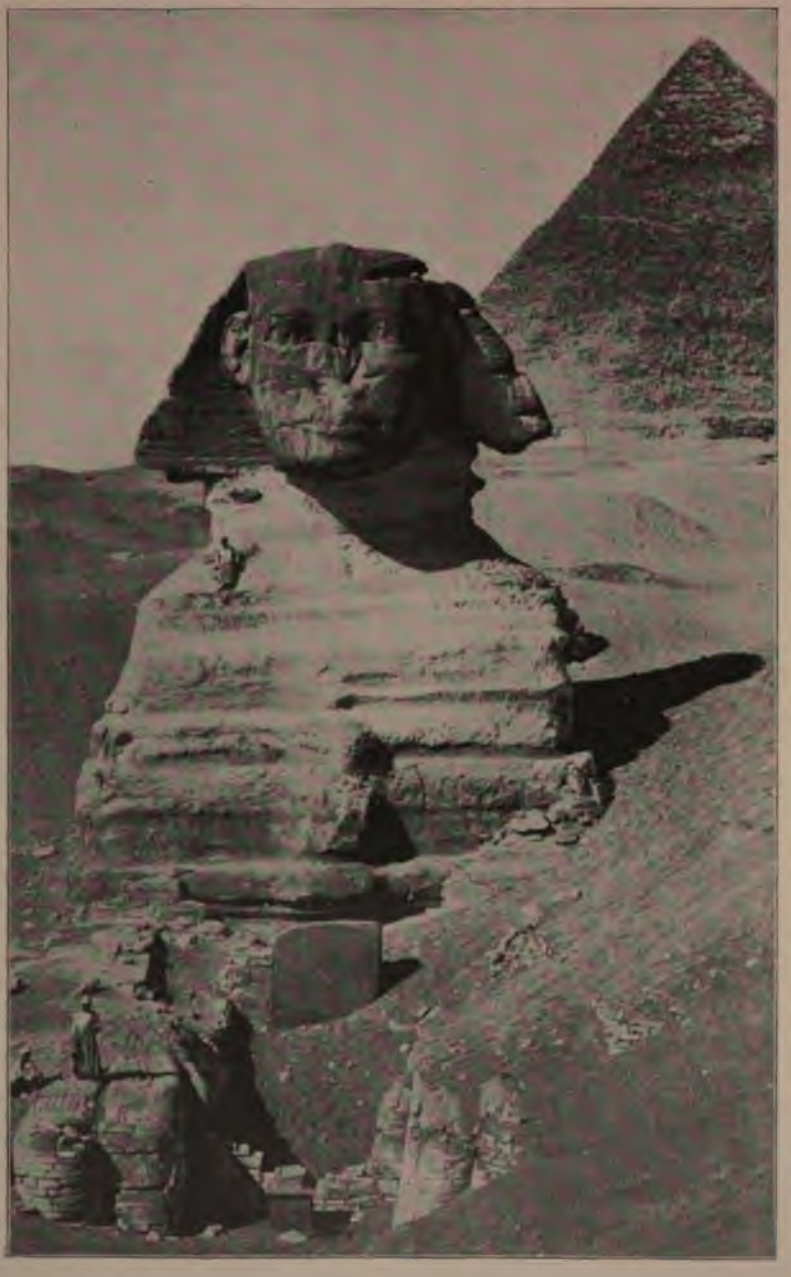
Along its sunlit surface caravans come and go like fleets of commerce. Finally, like the ocean, it is often lashed by storms which sweep it with resistless force, raising its tawny waves to blind, overwhelm, and suffocate the wretched traveler who may encounter them, until he falls, coffined only in the shroud of sand woven around him by the pitiless storm-king.

On my last visit to Egypt, this solemn area of antiquity was spoiled for me in the daytime by the great crowd of travelers assembled in and about the hotel recently built almost within the shadow of the Pyramids. Serious contemplation and a true appreciation of these monuments are quite impossible in a place where one or two hundred polyglot

guests are eating lunch, enlivened by the strains of Strauss' waltzes. It is the most glaring illustration of bad taste and mercenary greed that I have ever seen; and if the rest of Egypt were disfigured by such scandalous anachronisms, I should not wish ever again to set foot on its soil. Accordingly, my only satisfactory visit to the Pyramids and Sphinx, under the present condition of affairs in Egypt, was made at midnight and by moonlight. Then, with but one companion, and freed alike from crowds of noisy tourists and importunate Bedouins, and lighted only by the moon and stars, I spent four memorable hours beside these architectural mementoes of a vanished race, until the radiance of the dawn stole up the eastern sky and flushed the face of the expectant Sphinx.

TEMPLE OF THE SPHINX.

When standing on the summit of the Great Pyramid, if we look below us, we see what seems to be an immense, yawning grave. It is the temple of the Sphinx, partly exhumed by Mariette from the desert sands. Within it were discovered nine statues of King Cephren, the builder of the second pyramid. From this circumstance it is probable that he was its founder, and from its situation in the Necropolis of Memphis we may conclude that this shrine was used for funeral ceremonies. But now it is itself half-sepulchred in



THE SPHINX.

the mighty desert. Its altars are abandoned; the feet of thousands no longer tread its pavement; and if its epitaph could be traced above it in the shifting sand, it might appropriately read: "All who tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." *

What thrills one as he stands upon the soil of Egypt—rich beyond computation with the spoils of time,—is the mysterious conception that it gives of all the unknown Past which must have here preceded Memphis and the Pyramids. The progress of the race in different lands from barbarism to a state of advanced civilization, has always been a slow and painful one. Unless the Egyptians, therefore, were a notable exception to this rule, they must have existed here for tens of centuries before attaining the degree of culture which was evidently theirs more than six thousand years ago. From manuscripts discovered in their tombs and temples, we learn that every kind of literature, save the dramatic, was composed by them. Astronomy, philosophy, religion, architecture, sculpture, painting, imposing rituals for the dead, a learned priesthood and elaborate systems of theology, society, and government then flourished in the valley of the Nile, and prove the existence of a still earlier civilization, of which we know, and shall probably continue to know, absolutely nothing.

DATE PALM.

* The famous archæologist, Maspero, recently said: "Egypt is far from being exhausted. Its soil contains enough to occupy twenty centuries of workers; for what has come to light is comparatively nothing."

Close by the temple is the Sphinx itself, crouching in silence by the sea of sand, as if to guard the royal mausoleums. This monster, whose human head and lion's body typified a union of intelligence and strength, was hewn out of the natural rock on the edge of the desert, and only in places

SPHINX AND PYRAMID.

where the stone could not adapt itself to the desired form was it pieced out with masonry. From the crown of its head to the paved platform on which rest its outspread paws, it measures sixty-four feet. The sand has long since encroached upon this space, but formerly it was kept free from all incursions of the desert, and between its huge limbs stood an altar

dedicated to the Rising Sun, before which must have knelt unnumbered thousands of adoring worshipers.

To-day the Sphinx appears as calm and imperturbable as it did six thousand years ago. It is probably the oldest relic of human workmanship that the world knows—the silent witness of the greatest fortunes and the greatest calamities of time. Its eyes, wide open and fixed, have gazed dreamily out over the drifting sands, while empires, dynasties, religions, and entire races have risen and passed away. If its stony lips could speak, they might truthfully utter the words "Before Abraham was, I am." It was, indeed, probably two thousand years old when Abraham was born.

It is the antiquity of the Sphinx which thrills us as we look upon it, for in itself it has no charms. The desert's waves have risen to its breast, as if to wrap the monster in a winding-sheet of gold. The face and head have been mutilated by Moslem fanatics. The mouth, the beauty of whose lips was once admired, is now expressionless. Yet grand in its loneliness,—veiled in the mystery of unnumbered ages,—this relic of Egyptian antiquity stands solemn and silent in the presence of the awful desert — symbol of eternity. Here it disputes with Time the empire of the past; forever gazing on and on into a future which will still be distant when we, like all who have preceded us and looked upon its face, have lived our little lives and disappeared.

O sleepless Sphinx!
Thy sadly patient eyes,
Thus mutely gazing o'er the shifting sands,
Have watched earth's countless dynasties arise,
Stalk forth like spectres waving gory hands,
Then fade away with scarce a lasting trace
To mark the secret of their dwelling-place:
O sleepless Sphinx!

O changeless Sphinx!
In the fair dawn of time
So grandly sculptured from the living rock;
Still bears thy face its primal look sublime,
Surviving all the hoary ages' shock;
Still art thou royal in thy proud repose
As when the sun on tuneful Memnon rose:
O changeless Sphinx!

O voiceless Sphinx!
Thy solemn lips are dumb;
Time's awful secrets hold'st thou in thy breast;
Age follows age,—revering pilgrims come
From every clime to urge the same request,—
That thou wilt speak. Poor creatures of a day,
In calm disdain thou seest them die away:
O voiceless Sphinx!

Majestic Sphinx!
Thou crouchest by a sea
Whose fawn-hued wavelets clasp thy buried feet;
Whose desert surface, petrified like thee,
Gleams white with sails of many an Arab fleet;
Or when wild storms its waves to fury sweep,
High o'er thy form the tawny billows leap:
Majestic Sphinx!

Eternal Sphinx!
The pyramids are thine;
Their giant summits guard thee night and day;
On thee they look when stars in splendor shine,
Or while around their crests the sunbeams play;
Thine own coëvals, who with thee remain
Colossal genii of the boundless plain:
Eternal Sphinx!

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